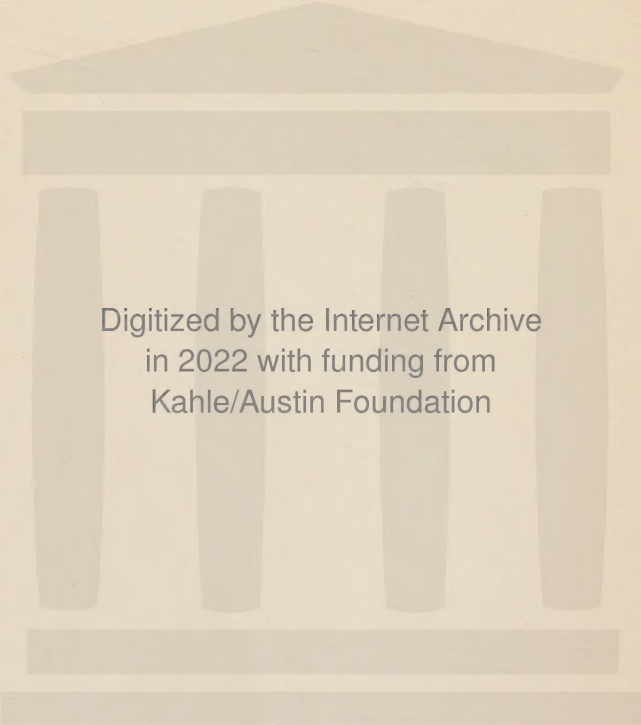


**NOW
THAT REMINDS ME**

Wit and Humor—Indexed.



J. M. Tecklitner,



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NOW THAT REMINDS ME

Wit and Humor—Indexed



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A. L. POPE

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Foreword

When Lincoln wanted to make a strong point he usually began by saying, "Now that reminds me of a story."

This country, more than any other, has a keen sense of humor.

The individual, as well as the masses, is especially susceptible to humor. A good laugh will often accomplish greater results than a good argument.

And good humor is a necessary state of mind in the individual as well as the masses for the accomplishment of the best results.

Rarely is one found with ability to recall a bit of humor appropriate to the occasion—and yet how often do we all want some little touch of humor in a letter, address, argument or discussion.

Good, clean, pointed humor is always entertaining. Properly arranged, classified and indexed, it possesses a wonderful power of accomplishment.

To illustrate a point—to show a fault—to describe a situation—to strengthen an argument—to emphasize a statement—to clinch an appeal: these and myriads more are the uses of *classified* humor indexed and cross indexed so that the *appropriate* narrative is readily found to suit the *specific* purpose. Such a book possesses *real value* alike to the attorney, physician, clergyman, teacher, lecturer, business man—

FOREWORD

to *any* one who writes or speaks—a book that should be in every library. In it is found the secret of swaying multitudes or influencing individuals, of eulogizing a friend or squelching a foe, of writing, speaking, or talking entertainingly.

An argument before a jury—

A political speech before a crowd—

An address at your convention—

Responding to a toast at a banquet—

An informal talk at club or lodge—

Remarks at birthday or anniversary celebration—

Talking at a meet of golfers—

An after-dinner speech—or

Just a friendly letter of congratulations—

all of these occasions, and many others, are made more entertaining, more effective, and **ADD IMMEASURABLY TO YOUR POPULARITY** if there is injected into them bits of humor that are exactly suited to the subject or occasion.

NOTE

In the preparation of this book the author has endeavored to give due credit for the items where known. Much has been extracted from such periodicals as *College Humor*, *Literary Digest*, *Life*, and *Judge*, and the author takes pleasure in gratefully acknowledging same.

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NOW THAT REMINDS ME

1. Minister: "I have brought back the second-hand car you sold me last week. It seems best that I give it up as too obstreperous."

Dealer: "What's wrong? Can't you run it?"

Minister: "Not and stay in the ministry."

2. "When is your daughter thinking of getting married?"

"Constantly."—*The American Legion Weekly*.

3. "Jimmy, said the fond mamma who is more interested in bridge than domestic science, "did you eat that pie you took to school yesterday?"

"No, I didn't. I gave it to the teacher."

"Did she eat it?"

"Guess so. She wasn't at school to-day."—*Magnolia Oil News*.

4. CLEANLY SPOKEN.—The boy was home at last. He had tried his luck out West in the mines for five years with little success. And now he was broke.

"John," cried his old mother, seizing both his hands in greeting, "you have hardly changed at all."

"I know, mother," he answered in tremulous tones, "but there ain't no laundries out there."—*Swamp Angel*.

NOW THAT REMINDS ME

5. Balloon Vendor: "You say that the parcela post it cost so much da ounce to send?"

P. L. Clerk: "Yes."

Balloon Vendor: "Den how muche it cost to send dese gas balloons to my brother in New York?"

Problem: Would the wop have to pay parcel post rates or would the United States owe the wop money on the deal?—*Mink*.

6. THE RESULT OF A REVIVAL.—Old Mammy Mary Persimmons called one day on the village lawyer.

"Well, old lady," he said, "what can I do for you?"

"Ah wants to divorce mah husband," said Aunt Mary.

"Divorce your Uncle Bill!" cried the lawyer. "Good gracious, why?"

"Bekase he's done got religion, dat's why," said Aunt Mary, "an we ain't had a chicken on de table fo' six weeks."—*Bison*.

7. A QUESTION-HEIR.—"Dad, can I have a dime for the pictures?"

"No, son, you've been twice this week already. Why don't you devote some of your time to reading and bettering yourself mentally?"

(Picks up Sunday paper and reads a minute.)

"Dad, who is Einstein?"

"Why,—er—er—er—he's the man who advanced the theory of the fourth dimension."

"What's the fourth dimension?"

NOW THAT REMINDS ME

"Why, that has to do with space."

"What do you mean by space, dad?"

"Oh, nothing."

"And what is nothing, dad?"

"Here! Here's a quarter. Get some candy, too."

—*David Merriam March.*

8. A prominent farmer is fond of telling this story: "Not long ago I went to town and while there, met a young fellow whom I had previously hired as a farm hand. He was 'green' and rather coarse grained, but there was something about him which I really admired. His rough, unlettered speech had a tinge of humor to it. So I got him to spend the evening with me.

"We got home rather late and as the wife was not feeling well, I persuaded her not to go to any extra trouble, but to arrange matters as though I had been alone. I would sit at the table and keep him company while he ate, as I wasn't hungry.

"He wasn't a bit bashful, but once during our conversation I saw him glance at a dish of fried potatoes furtively. Noticing this, I remarked: 'Don't be afraid of those potatoes, Sam. Help yourself.'

" 'Well,' he replied, as he eyed the dish critically, 'there ain't enough there to scare anybody.' "

9. STRICTLY PRIVATE AFFAIR.—Sam was being tried for the theft of a coat. After going on the stand and pleading not guilty, he was subjected to the firing of a volley of personal questions by the prose-

NOW THAT REMINDS ME

cutor. The colored defendant stood it as long as he could, and then turned to the bench to complain:

"Jedge, huccum dis man keep pesterin' me? He ain' de one ah stoled de coat f'um."

10.—A New Yorker, visiting English friends, was lamenting leaving at home two beautiful daughters who were just budding into womanhood. Turning to a man to whom he had just been introduced, he asked if he had any family.

"Yes, I have a wife and six children in Australia. And I never saw one of them," he added, quietly.

The two sat in silence. Then the interrogation began.

"Were you ever blind, may I ask?" said the American.

"No," was the reply.

"Did you marry a widow?"

"No." Another silence.

"Did I understand you to say you had a wife and six children living in Australia and had never seen one of them?"

"Yes, that is how I stated it."

Then the American inquired. "How can that be? You say you never saw one of them. I do not understand it at all."

"Because," was the reply, "one of them was born after I left."

11. MILD BUT SUGGESTIVE.—The more than usual lack of intelligence among the students that morning had got under the professor's skin.

NOW THAT REMINDS ME

"Class is dismissed," he said, exasperatedly.
"Please don't flap your ears as you pass out."—
Froth.

12. LIGHT MEAL.—He was unaware of the eccentricities to be found in the Wild West when he entered what seemed to be the only hotel in the place. After ushering him to a table and giving the stranger a glass of ice-water, the waiter inquired: "Will you have sausages on toast?"

"No, I never eat 'em," the guest replied.

"In that case," said the waiter, "dinner is over."—
The Open Road.

13. NOTHING TO IT.—

There once was a woman called Mrs.,
Who said, "I don't know what a Krs.,"

But a fellow in haste,
Put his arm around her waist,
And quietly answered, "Why, Thrs."

—*N. Y. Medley.*

14. THE RULING PASSION.—Old Master tells it:
Poor Mammy Jane lay ill in her bed,
She must have good food, the doctor said.
There came by chance the friend in need,
Heard the prescription, said: "Yes, indeed,
Mammy must have a nice little chick,
Mammy's grandson must go for one quick,
There must not be the least delay—
And right here was the dollar to pay—"

NOW THAT REMINDS ME

No sooner the lady's good-bye was said
Than Mammy called feebly from her bed:
"Here, boy, come gimme dat dollar, I say—
And go get dat chicken—in de natchal way!"
—*Martha Young in "Minute Dramas" (The Paragon
Press, Montgomery, Ala.)*

15. "What time is it?"
"I haven't the faintest idea."
"Yes, I know, but what time is it?"—*C. C. N. Y.
Mercury.*

16. EMPTY EXERCISE.—Prof.: "I will have to
give you a zero this semester."
Stude.: "Well, that means nothing in my young
life."—*Carnegie Puppet.*

17. She: "I'm telling you for the last time that
you can't kiss me."
He: "Ah, I knew you'd weaken eventually!"—
Wisconsin Octopus.

18. CAREFUL MAN.—A motorist, meeting an old
colored man trudging along the dusty road, gener-
ously offered him a lift.

"No, sah, thank you, sah!" said the old man. "Ah
reckon mah ol' laigs will take me 'long fast enough."

"Aren't afraid, are you, uncle? Have you ever
been in an automobile?"

"Nevah but once, sah," was the reply, "and den ah
didn't let all mah weight down."—*Boston Transcript.*

NOW THAT REMINDS ME

19. HOT SCOTCH.—A Scot whose name was Mac-Intosh, and who was proud of the fact that he was directly descended from the chief of the clan, was having a dispute over the fare he owed a taxi driver.

The man with the meter talked loud and harshly, and it angered the Highlander.

"Do you know who I am?" he demanded, proudly drawing himself up to his full height. "I'm a Mac-Intosh."

The taxi driver snorted.

"I don't care if you're an umbrella," he said. "I'll have my rights."—*Judge*.

20. UNBREAKING THE NEWS.—Clancy: "Mrs. Murphy, yure son Mike has just fell off th' scaffolding and kilt himself."

Mrs. Murphy: "Merciful hivins!"

Clancy: "Aisy now! 'Tis only his leg that's bruk, an' it's glad ye will be to hear it whin ye thought he was killed entoirely."—*Sydney Bulletin*.

21. A Negro met an acquaintance of his, also colored, on the street one day and was surprised to see that his friend had on a new suit, new hat, new shoes and other evidences of prosperity.

"Hey, boy," he said, "how come you dressed up this way? Is you got a job?"

"I'se got somethin' bettern' any job," replied the other, "I'se got a profession."

"What is it?"

"I'se a orator."

NOW THAT REMINDS ME

“What’s a orator?”

“Don’t you know?” replied the resplendent one in surprise. “Well, I’ll tell you what a orator is. If you was to walk up to a ordinary nigger and ask him how much was two and two, he’d say ‘four,’ but if you was to ask one of us orators how much was two and two he’d say, ‘When in de cou’s of human events it becomes necessary to take de numeral of de second denomination and add it to de figger two, I says unto you and I says it without fear of successful contradiction, dat de result will invai’bly be four.’ Dat’s a orator ”

22. ARGUMENT FOR INDUSTRY.—Old Hen: “I’ll give you a piece of good advice.”

Young Hen: “What is it?”

Old Hen: “An egg a day keeps the butcher away!”
—*Progressive Grocer*.

23. SUPPRESSED.—Mrs. Jhones: “Yes, John, as I was saying, Miss Blank has no manners. Why, while I was talking to her this morning, she yawned eleven times.”

Old Jhones: “Perhaps, my dear, she wasn’t yawning—she might have wanted to say something.”—*The Sydney Bulletin*.

24. NOT OVERCROWDED.—It seemed that when Rastus and Sam died they took different routes, so when the latter got to heaven he called Rastus on the phone.

NOW THAT REMINDS ME

"Rastus," he said, "how yo' like it down thar?"

"Oh, boy! Dis here is some place," replied Rastus. "All we have to do is to wear a red suit wid horns, an' every now an' den shovel some coal on de fire. We don't work no more dan two hours out ob de twenty-four down here. But, tell me, Sam, how is it with you up yonder?"

"Mah goodness! We has to git up at fo' o'clock in de mawnin' an' gathah in de stahs; den we has to haul in de moon and hang out de sun. Den we has ter roll de clouds aroun' all day long."

"But, Sam, how comes it yo' has ter work so hard?"

"Well, to tell de truf, Rastus, we's kin' o' short of help up here."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

25. "Muriel, are you fond of dogs?"

"If you mean that as a proposal, you'd better ask papa."—*Brown Jug*.

26. A CONVINCING YARN.—Prisoner: "But I would rather tell my own story. Don't you think it would be believed?"

Lawyer: "Yes, that's the trouble; it would carry conviction with it."—*New Haven Register*.

27. TIMELY.—"That certainly was a very fine sermon," said an enthusiastic church member who was an ardent admirer of the minister. "A fine sermon, and well timed, too."

"Yes," answered his unadmiring neighbor, "it

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certainly was well timed. Fully half of the congregation had their watches out.”—*Watchman-Examiner*.

28. PROOF POSITIVE.—“I understand that Charley and his girl kissed and made up last night.”

“Well, judging from Charley’s personal appearance after the osculation I should think that she made up first.”

29. A BAD JAMPHOR HIM.—

Said the moth, as he sniffed at the camphor,
I’m sorry I’m here where I amphor
Some things that I eat
Taste pleasant and sweet,
But camphor I don’t give a damphor.

—*Michigan Gargoyle*.

30. FOOLHARDY? NOSSUH!—Liza: “An’ what did yo’ say when de Jedge say, ‘Not guilty’?”

Rufe: “Who? Me? Ah didn’ say nuffin. Think Ah wanta commit mahself?”

31. “John, there’s a poor old man outside crying.”

“What’s he crying about?”

“He’s got watermelons for sale.”—*Ohio State Sun Dial*.

32. We were out for a hike, the dog and I, when we came across a farmhouse quietly burning up. As the old man standing on the front stoop was quite oblivious to the smoke and flames perilously behind

NOW THAT REMINDS ME

him, I quite naturally called out, "Hey, mister, your house is on fire."

The old man did not seem to have heard me, however, so I repeated the news lustily, my dog barking along co-operatively.

"How's that?" answered the farmer, placing his hand behind his ear and looking rather puzzled.

"Your house is on fi-re," I said again in a voice that ought to have awakened the dead.

"Is there anything else?" was his imperturbable reply.

"No," I said, "that's all I can think of just now."

33. SLIGHT MISTAKE.—"Jimmie," said the teacher, "why don't you wash your face? I can see what you had for breakfast this morning."

Little Boy: "What was it?"

Teacher: "Eggs."

Little Boy: "Wrong, teacher; that was yesterday."

—*Capper's News*.

34. There once was a man who wrote a musical comedy lyric in which he did not rhyme *true* and *you* and *blue*. But the lyric was never sung and the man is now doing well in the coal business.

35. FINIS.—

There was a sweet young lady

Who owned a motor car;

She drove it fast, she drove it slow,

She drove it near and far.

NOW THAT REMINDS ME

One day she drove it on a track,
The train came with a roar,
There was a sweet young lady, but
There isn't any more.

36. STILL GOING STRONG.—Mr. Alltalk was a very poor speaker, and after his oratory had run on for over an hour, some of his audience began to leave. As one man slipped out of the doorway, another, who had waited outside, asked hopefully:

“Has he finished?”

“Yes,” said the first sufferer, grimly. “Long ago; but he won't stop.”

37. SOME ANSWER.—“I understand that there has been an addition to your family,” said the friend.

“Addition!” cried the father of triplets. “Multiplication!”

38. WRONG PARTY.—A certain lady called her grocer up on the telephone the other morning. After she had sufficiently scolded the man who responded, she said:

“And, what's more, the next order you get from me will be the last I'll ever give you.”

“It probably will, madam,” said the voice at the other end of the wire, “you're talking to an undertaker.”

39. AND BLAME THE CLUBS.—Hardware Dealer:
“I've decided to take up golf. Don't you think it

NOW THAT REMINDS ME

would be a good advertisement if I used the brand of clubs we sell?"

Clerk: "No. While I was learning I'd use the brand our rival dealer sells."

40. DUE TO BOTH.—"So you were elected mayor here, eh?" said the traveling salesman to the owner of the Thimbleburg hardware store. "I suppose your victory at the polls was due to the fact that you always dealt honestly with your customers?"

"Partly that—mebbe," said the new mayor. "And mebbe partly because I was the only one to run for office."

41. THE RENT QUESTION.—"I suppose your landlord asks a lot for the rent of this place?"

"A lot! He asks me for it nearly every week."

42. THAT DEPENDS.—"How long will this lawn mower last?" asked the careful buyer.

"How many and what kind of neighbors have you?" countered the experienced hardware dealer.

43. BRISK BUSINESS FOLLOWED.—"Any rags? Any old iron?" asked the junkman as he knocked at the door.

The knock was answered by the man of the house himself. "No; go away!" he snapped irritably. "There's nothing for you. My wife's away."

The junkman hesitated a moment and then inquired, "Any empty bottles?"

NOW THAT REMINDS ME

44. ONE DISADVANTAGE.—Alice: "He's wonderful, my dear; he talks like a book.

Gladys: "Yes, but you can't shut him up as easily."

45. IT'S SOMETHING TO GET ANY ANSWER AT ALL.— Here's what one hardware dealer received in reply to an urgent request for a payment on that long overdue hardware bill:

"Deer Meester Smith: I got your letter about what I owe you. Now be pachunt. I ain't forget you. Pleeze wait. When sum fools pay me I pay you. If this wuz judgment day and you wuz no more prepared to meet your Master as I am to meet your account, you sure would have to go to hell. Trusting you will do this, I am

"Yours as ever,

"A. DEADBROKE.

46. NOT MISREPRESENTER.—Smith had bought a store as a going concern. In six months' time it had failed. Later on, meeting the original owner, he halted him, and said:

"You know that business you sold me as a going concern?"

"Yes; what of it?"

"Well, it's gone!" remarked Smith shortly and tersely.

47. "Rather a hand-to-mouth existence," said the pugilist as his opponent soaked him in the jaw.

NOW THAT REMINDS ME

48. AS USUAL.—“And you and your wife have decided to do it?”

“Not exactly. My wife decided. I agreed.”

49. An employer, noted for his energy and lack of tolerance for loafing in any form, visited his stock-room and found a boy leaning idly against a packing case, whistling cheerily and with nothing at all on his mind. The chief stopped and stared. Such a thing was unheard of in his establishment.

“How much are you getting a week?” he demanded, with his characteristic abruptness.

“Twelve dollars.”

“Here’s your twelve. Now, get out. You’re through.”

As the boy philosophically pocketed the money and departed, the boss turned to the chief clerk and demanded:

“Since when has that fellow been with us?”

“Never, that I know of,” was the response. “He just brought over a proof for us from the printer.”

50. There are meters trochaic,
And meters iambic
And meters of musical tone.
But the meter
That’s neater, and sweeter,
Completer,
Is to meet’er in the moonlight
Alone.

—*Nebraska Augwan.*

NOW THAT REMINDS ME

51. STATE COPS.—

The road is clear, the moon is bright!
Great Cæsar! What a splendid night!
There's not a living thing in sight.
Faster and faster on she flies,
You think you're heading for the skies,
This surely must be Paradise!

But no! You tremble and grow chill,
A noise that makes your heart stand still.
“Young man, why fifty on that hill?”

—*Lucia Trent.*

52. Mr. Gayboy (who has died and been consigned to the nether regions): “Why, what beautiful flappers you have here, Mr. Satan! And you say I can have my pick? Well, I'll take that cute little redhead over there in the corner. And now can you direct us to some cozy little nook where we can bill and coo to our heart's content?”

Satan (firmly): “Nix! That billing and cooing stuff doesn't go here. That's the hell of it.”

53. A man was strolling down the main street of the town, holding a pointer in leash. He met a friend and entered into conversation with him. The talk turned from one thing to another, but at last the discussion centered on the merits of the dog.

“Yes, sir,” said the owner, “that dog can smell a bird a mile away.”

“Indeed,” said his friend, incredulously.

NOW THAT REMINDS ME

He glanced at the pointer and was surprised to see the dog sniffing nervously.

"That dog acts as if a bird was under his nose and there isn't a bird anywhere around here," he said.

The owner looked and was perplexed.

Upon seeing some gentlemen in a conversation near them, he approached one of them and inquired, "Pardon me, sir, but have you a bird in your pocket?"

"No," answered the man, briskly.

The owner of the dog was indeed puzzled, but, after a few moments of deep thought, he again approached the man and asked, "Excuse me, but what is your name, sir?"

"Partridge."

54. A group of men were playing poker in a Texas town. One of the players, Texico Jack, was noted for his slick methods in handling the cards. Texico Jack observed that one of the players kept his eyes steadily fixed on the cards whenever it came Jack's turn to deal. Finally, Texico Jack became irritated at so much attention being given to his deal. He complained that such close scrutiny was discourteous and suggested that the player attend to his own business. To which the watchful one replied:

"I have seen you play in a number of games, and take it from me, that whenever a player is watching your deal, he is attending to his own business."

55. Mrs. Quackenness: "Am yo' daughter happily mar'd, Sistah Sagg?"

NOW THAT REMINDS ME

Mrs. Sagg: "She sho' is! She's done got a husban' dat's skeered to death of her."

56. NO EXCEPTION.—"A case was on trial before the circuit court in one of those staid, conservative counties of central Pennsylvania," says a member of the Philadelphia bar, "where people live very much as their fathers did, and are seldom troubled by desires to emigrate.

"Eleven jurymen had been secured, and a talesman was undergoing examination as to his fitness for the position of twelfth jurymen, when the attorney for the prosecution suddenly asked:

"By the way, Mr. Rouse, I see you have the same name as the defendant in this case. May I ask if you are related to him?"

"Yes, sir," said the talesman. "I am distantly related to him."

"Then, your Honor," said the lawyer, turning to the judge, "I shall challenge him for cause."

"He can step down if you wish, Mr. Jones," responded the judge, "but I apprehend it will not make much difference. The eleven jurymen you have secured are all distant relatives of the defendant."

—*Edwin Tarrisse.*

57. An irritable old sportsman was aroused from his bed at three o'clock in the morning by the insistent ringing of his doorbell. On answering he found a seedy drunkard struggling hard to maintain his equilibrium.

NOW THAT REMINDS ME

"What do you mean by waking me up at this hour?"

"Ish you Mr. Smithers?"

"Yes, yes. What of it?"

"Ish you the gent what advertised for a partner to go lion huntin' in Afr'ca?"

"Yes, I'm the gentleman. What do you want to know about it?"

"Nothin', 'ceptin' I just wanted to tell you that on no condishuns whatsoever will I go with you."—*Boll Weevil*.

58. He: "Is Fraser's wife fond of an argument?"

She: "I should just say so—why, she won't even eat anything that agrees with her."—*London Mail*.

59. Hiram Snickleby, a New England horse dealer, sold a horse to an expressman who, however, returned in a day or two with the statement that he was not exactly satisfied with his deal. He was asked the reason for his dissatisfaction.

"There's only one thing I don't like about this mare," he said. "She won't hold up her head."

"Oh, that's only her silly pride," explained Hiram. "She will when she's fully paid for."

60. "Do you know that joke about crude oil?"

"I heard it wasn't refined; but go ahead and tell it, anyway."—*Michigan Gargoyle*.

NOW THAT REMINDS ME

61. Sister Brown had been testifying at the weekly prayer meetings of the waywardness of her daughter, who would rather go to dances than to church. This had been going on for weeks in spite of the feeble protests of her husband. Finally, at one of these prayer meetings she arose with new testimony. She concluded thus:

"And now that my daughter is going to be married, this burden has been lifted from my shoulders and placed on that of a man. I am so happy that if I had one more feather in my wings I would fly to heaven."

But in the general chorus of "Amen," no one heard the mutterings of her husband, who grunted:

"O Lord, stick it in and let her fly!"

62. Tommy had been playing truant from school, and had spent a long, beautiful day fishing. On his way back he met one of his young cronies, who accosted him with the usual question, "Catch anything?"

At this, Tommy, in all consciousness of guilt, quickly responded: "Ain't been home yet."—*Bison*.

63. There was a young lady from Camden,
Who once took a ride on a tandem,
Said she, "I do like
A fast motor bike,
But damned if I understand 'em."

—*Virginia Reel*.

NOW THAT REMINDS ME

64. Isaacstein, Senior: "Abie, what for you go up der stairs two at a time?"

Isaacstein, Junior: "To safe my shoes, fadder."

Isaacstein, Senior: "Dot's right, my son. But look oudt you don't split your pandts."—*Tiger*.

65. He: "It wouldn't be much trouble for us to marry; my father is a minister, you know."

She: "Well, let's have a try at it, anyway—my dad's a lawyer."—*Voo Doo*.

66. A clergyman in Southern California relates with glee the following:

"In my pastorate in Lowell, Massachusetts, some years ago, a good deacon and his wife shared their pew with an elderly maiden lady, an intimate friend. The deacon's wife died and some time later he married the latter. One day a wag in the church said to me:

"I see you've married the deacon and Miss Blank."

"Yes," I replied, "I think it is a good marriage."

"So do I," replied the wag. "People that have slept together in the same pew so long ought to be married."

67. The other night

We attended a

Wooden wedding anniversary.

The menu consisted

Of plank steak,

Potato chips,

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Club sandwiches,
And cabinet pudding.
Wooden that jar you?

—*Penn State Froth.*

68. Employer: "I hear you were away ill yesterday, Snooks."

Snooks: "Yes, sir."

"You didn't look very ill when I saw you at the races in the afternoon."

"Didn't I, sir? You should have seen me after the finish of the third race."—*Toronto Goblin.*

69. Teacher: Rufus Rastus, what animal is most noted for its fur?"

Tommy: "It am de skunk. The more fur you is from it, the safer you is!"

70. Miss Newmoney: "What was that you just played?"

Violinist: "An improvisation, madam."

"Ah, one of my old favorites!"—*Lampoon.*

71. NO CAUSE FOR AN ARGUMENT.—Brown had a bulldog that he prized highly. It had been his opinion for some time that Hector (for that was this noble animal's name) was without doubt in the blue ribbon class. And so at the first local dog show Brown lost no time in entering his pet, with every expectation of carrying off the honors.

But poor Hector was disqualified early in the con-

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test, and it was hard for Brown (such was his chagrin) to be civil to his friend, the college professor, whom he met on the way home. However, being questioned as to the why and wherefore of his gloomy aspect, Brown told of the great disappointment.

Whereupon this worthy pedagogue, looking down at the despondent Hector, said in his most pedantic manner:

"The canine was undoubtedly eliminated because of his unnecessarily elongated caudal appendage."

"No," said Brown, quite unabashed by this scholarly effusion, and once more becoming heated as the recent decision of the judges recurred to his mind, "they said that his tail was too long."—*Robert Stevenson*.

72. ONCE IS ENOUGH.—When Maurice Francis Egan was United States Minister to Copenhagen, he made a practice of going through the provinces of Denmark once a year and lecturing on American literature. One night when the present King and Queen of Denmark were dining at the United States Legation, the King, who was at that time Crown Prince, said to Mr. Egan:

"I receive agreeable reports of your lectures in the provinces. Do you use a different lecture every time?"

"I always use the same one, your Majesty," the minister answered.

"But what do you do if people come a second time?"

"They never come a second time," was the answer.—*Kansas City Star*.

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73. CHARLES RUGGLES TELLS ONE.—We won't mention any names, but we saw an actor the other night who was under the influence of prohibition. He was standing on the curb in the rain, feeding a cab horse doughnuts.

“What's the big idea?” I asked him.

“I jush wanna shee how many doughnuts the darn fool will eat without a cupa coffee.”

74. THEIR FORTE.—The Welsh, as all the world knows, are wonderful singers, and especially excellent in vocal singing.—*The Shreveport Journal*.

75. A FABLE.—Which tells accurately the length of time a couple has been married:

If he goes shopping and carries all her bundles for her without a word—two months.

If he listens intently to all the details of the meeting of the Thursday Afternoon Bridge Club—under six months.

If she tries so hard to persuade him to go out with the boys for an evening and he won't go—three months.

If he goes—over three months.

If she believes she has married the “only man in the world”—four days.

If he finds all his buttons sewed on and his socks darned—seven months.

If she insists that he invite his mother down more often—three weeks.

If he calls her mother an “old dear” and her father a “brick”—three weeks.

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If she asks him to tell her about "the office"—five months.

If he complains about the steak being too well done—one year.

If he would rather sit by the fire than go out—two weeks or twenty-five years.

If they play every hole on the links and come in smiling—you're all wrong, brother, they're not married at all.

—*Froth.*

76. SMALL TOWN STUFF.—A village parson's daughter eloped in her father's clothes.

And the next day the village *Blatter* came out with an account of the elopement, headed: "Flees in Father's Pants."—*Medley.*

77. Judge: "What's the charge?"

Officer: "This man was caught stealing eight bottles of beer."

Judge: "Discharged. You can't make a case out of eight quarts."—*Lord Jeff.*

78. Doctor: "Your mother-in-law's condition necessitates a warmer climate."

Newly-wed Young Man (after a moment's reflection): "You do it, doc; I haven't the heart."—*Juggler.*

79. First Hobo: "I've never had a chance. My unlucky number always bobs up."

Second Ditto: "What is your unlucky number?"

First Hobo: "Thirteen—a jury of twelve and a judge."—*Drexerd.*

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80. MAMMA WAS A COED.—“Mamma, look at all those canoes drifting over by Picnic Point!”

“Yes, darling, they remind me of peanuts—each contains two nuts inside a thin shell.”—*Octopus*.

81. A LIKENESS.—Rastus: Yessah, I’s ’most exactly like Jack Dempsey—’most exactly.

Rustus: “How you make that out, Rastus?”

Rastus: “Why, I reads in the papah that Mistah Dempsey am lookin’ fo’ a bout.

Rustus: “But you ain’t lookin’ for no bout, Rastus.

Rastus: “ ’Deed I is. I’s e lookin’ fo’ ’bout ten dollahs.—*Lemon Punch*.

82. “John, are you ever going to get matters so arranged that we can afford an automobile?”

“I am afraid not, dear, but I hope I can arrange things very shortly so that we can get one.”—*Boston Transcript*.

83. Junior: “Pop, what is an ancestor?”

Senior: “Well, I’m one.”

Junior: “Yes, I know, but why do people brag about them?”—*Juggler*.

84. Advertiser: “So you desire to become my son-in-law?”

Applicant: “No, I don’t. But if I marry your daughter, sir, I don’t see very well how I can get out of it.”—*Drexerd*.

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85. A hundred years ago to-day a wilderness was here;

A man with powder in his gun went forth to hunt a deer,

But now the times have changed somewhat—
are on a different plan,

A dear, with powder on her nose, goes forth to hunt a man.

—*North Carolina Boll-Weevil.*

86. DIPLOMACY.—The Young Bride (looking in window of jewelry store): “George, I’d love to have that bracelet.”

The Husband: “I can’t afford to buy it for you, dear.”

The Bride: “But if you could, you would, wouldn’t you?”

The Husband: “I’m afraid not.”

The Bride: “Why?”

The Husband: “It isn’t good enough, dear.”

The Bride: “Oh, you darling!”—*Life.*

87. STILL DAMP.—“I don’t suppose,” remarked the traveling man who had just registered, “that it’s possible to get a drink in this town.”

“Well,” replied the hotel clerk, “if it ain’t, there’s miracles happening every day.”

88. INDEFINITELY POSTPONED.—“Johnny,” said his aunt, “did you enjoy the book I sent you on your birthday?”

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"H'ain't looked at it yet."

"Why, how is that?"

"'Cause ma said I'd have to wash my hands when I read it."—*Canadian Paper, quoted by Boston Transcript.*

89. Landlady: "Just fancy. A poor, innocent little lamb had to die to give us these chops."

Boarder (at work): "Tough, tough."

90. "Tell me, John, does bleaching the hair lead to softening of the brain?"

"No, darling, it's generally the softening of the brain that leads to bleaching the hair."

91. They sure did force poor Paw to pay

To have Maw's 'pendix took away.

Can't see's it done her any good

'Cept raise their standin' in the neighborhood.

—*Brown Jug.*

92. Uncle Joshua was a laconic and hard-headed old countryman, who never let the criticisms of his too frank neighbors upset his equanimity. At one of the sessions of the "Village Club," which met every day in the post office for the distribution of the five o'clock mail, some of the men undertook to twit Uncle Joshua about a tale then going the rounds of one of his recent horse trades.

"They're tellin' all kinds of lies about you, Josh," jibed one young blade. "Wot you goin' to do about it?"

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“Do?” replied Uncle Joshua, coolly, as he spat with unerring accuracy through the open door, “Nothin’. I don’t keer how many lies they tell about me. It’s the truth I’m a-skeered of.”

93. “I’m sorry, my boy, but I only punish you because I love you.”

“I’m s-sorry, dad, that I’m n-not b-big enough to return your l-love!”—*Passing Show*.

94. The hecklers were many and active—but the lecturer lectured on. He was undaunted—although he certainly found it hard going.

Finally, however, he halted, gazed patiently around the hall and cleared his throat.

“I’ll just digress for a second,” he said, “to inform the persons who are interrupting me that instead of confusing me they succeed only in egging me on.”

Then the voice spoke.

“Well—if that’s so,” it said, “it’s about time they changed tactics and started egging you off!”

95. RECHRISTENED.—Eph: “When dat gal o’ mine was bo’n, we done called her Madonna, but when she growed up we saw she had a face lak a hedge fence, so we done changed it to Euphonia.”

Lem: “Whaffo Euphonia?”

Eph: “Well, yo’ see when she spoke her voice sounded kind o’ pleasant.”

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96. A city couple on a drive through the country in the late autumn pulled up beside a small orchard and helped themselves to apples in large quantities. Their consciences bothering them somewhat, however, they stopped in front of the farmhouse which adjoined the orchard and called to the farmer who was on the front porch.

"We helped ourselves to your apples," said the woman. "Just thought we'd tell you."

"Oh, that's all right," said the farmer, "I helped myself to your tools when you were in the orchard."

97. A SAD CASE.—I have got to have a job, am man 32 years old, intelligent but married. Phone Travis.—*Classified Adv. in the San Antonio Express.*

98. ACCOMPLISHMENT.—

He tried to write a novel
And then a movie plot;
He next essayed short stories,
But fizzled on the lot.

Undaunted by his failures,
He made the Eds all curse,
When he became a poet
And went from bad to verse.

—*Edgar Daniel Kramer.*

99. CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.—"When de jedge he say t' me is I guilty," said Charcoal Eph, ruminatively, "I says if yo' all kin prove hit, jedge, I

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is; but ef'n yo'all got any doubt about hit, not guilty, jedge, not guilty!"—*Richmond Times-Dispatch*.

100. Little Tommy had a sore toe, so his mother thought this a good opportunity to make him eat his cereal.

"Tommy," she said, "if you eat your oatmeal, it will cure your toe."

Shortly afterward Tommy came to his mother with a very disgusted air.

"I ate my cereal," he said, "but my toe isn't any better. I guess the darn stuff went down the wrong leg."

101. The Sunday-school teacher had been telling a story of spring, and the miracle of the growth of the Easter lily.

"Now, children," she said, "who can tell me what it is that makes the lily spring from this little bulb?"

"God does it," said one little boy. Frantically our Bobby raised his hand and shouted at the top of his lungs, "Fertilizer helps!"

102. WHEN DREAMS COME TRUE.—"Have any of your childhood ambitions been realized?"

"Yes, when my mother used to cut my hair, I always wished I hadn't any."—*The Christian Register (Boston)*.

103. Ardent Suitor: "Sir, I want your daughter for my wife."

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Irate Father: "Young man, go home and tell your wife she can't have my daughter."—*Georgia Yellow Jacket*.

104. SILVER LINING.—There had been a blowout, and the father of the family was perspiringly and profanely changing tires.

"I don't see why you have to talk that way," said his wife reproachfully. "You act as if it were a total loss. You never see the good in things."

"Well, what good is there in this?"

"Why, it tickled the baby so. He laughed right out loud when it went bang!"—*American Legion Weekly*.

105. YOU NEVER CAN TELL.—A strapping woman boarded a trolley car in Rye, New York, settled into a seat and paid her fare. The car had not traveled more than five blocks when she rose and rang up a cash fare. Whereupon the conductor strode up to her.

"Madam," he demanded, "do you know that I must turn in every fare rung up upon that register?"

"Certainly!" the woman replied, throwing open her coat and showing a badge. "Meet the new inspector."—*From Everybody's Magazine*.

106. Doctor: "You seem to be all run down, Mrs. Peck. Let's see your tongue?"

Henry: "That's right, doc; you guessed it right off!"

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107. Mr. Lundberg and wife are looking for a site for their new house. After a while they come to a spot and Mrs. Lundberg exclaimed:

"Oh, Adolph, this view strikes me dumb."

"Well, dear, I think we will select this."—*Kasper (Stockholm)*.

108. "Say, mom, these pants are so tight! They're tighter than my skin!"

"Don't be so foolish, Harold. There isn't anything tighter than your skin!"

"Well, these pants is, 'cause I can sit down in my skin, but I'm darned if I can sit down in these pants!"

109. Timid Eloper (with a sigh of relief): "Thank the Lord! We got away safely after all; didn't we, Jane?"

"Yes, dear. And before I forget—here's dad's check for half what we're saving him on wedding expenses."

110. HIS CLASS.—A group of Negroes were at the terminal station Sunday morning telling a few departing brethren good-bye. A trainman noticed one Negro looking on nonchalantly, and inquired, "John, are you going north?"

"No, sir," said the Negro addressed. "I'se a class B nigger."

"What do you mean by class 'B' nigger?" asked the trainman.

"Well," said Sam, "I B's here when dey leave, and I B's here when dey come back."—*Macon News*.

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111. "Wa'al, Chet, how's things up your hollow?"
"Pretty bad. Say, it takes me half an hour a day to shovel a path so the ole woman can get in the wood."

112. Teacher: "If I lend your father 800 lire and he promises to pay me back 200 a month, how much will he owe me in three months?"

"Eight hundred lire."

"You don't understand arithmetic!"

"You don't understand my father!"—*Pasquino (Turin)*.

113. THE LOGIC OF THE CASE.—Free State Patrol: "Have ye yer permit on ye for dhriven' the cyar?"

Motorist: "I have that. Are ye wantin' to see ut?"

Free State Patrol: "What for would I be wantin' to see ut if ye have ut? It's if ye had ut not that I'd want a look at ut."—*London Punch*.

114. RELIGION AS NEEDED.—The soldiers marched to the church and halted in the square outside. One wing of the edifice was undergoing repairs, so there was room for only about half the regiment.

"Sergeant," ordered the captain, "tell the men who don't want to go to church to fall out."

A large number quickly availed themselves of the privilege.

"Now, sergeant," said the captain, "dismiss all the men who did not fall out and march the others in—they need it most."—*The Chicago Continent*.

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115. Rector: "I didn't see you in church yesterday, Mr. Slack. Can it be you weren't present?"

Mr. Slack: "Well, I was absent, Elder, but I did the next best thing by taking a bath. You've heard, of course, 'Cleanliness is next to godliness.' "

116. "Do you serve any drinks here?" whispered a diner who wanted to get into the good graces of the waiter.

"Are you a policeman, prohibition man or revenue agent?" asked the waiter suspiciously.

"Absolutely not!"

"Then," replied the servitor virtuously, "I can't serve you any."

117. HELL IN THE MAKING.—The newly appointed pastor of a Negro church faced a packed audience when he arose to deliver his sermon on this burning question, "Is There a Hell?"

"Bredern," he said, "de Lord made the world round like a ball."

"Amen!" agreed the congregation.

"And de Lord made two axles for de world to go round on, and He put one axle at the north pole and one axle at the souf pole."

"Amen!" cried the congregation.

"And the Lord put a lot of oil and grease in de center of de world so as to keep the axles well greased and oiled."

"Amen!" said the congregation.

"And then a lot of sinners dig wells in Pennsylv-

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vania and steal de Lord's oil and grease. And they dig wells in Kentucky, Louisiana, Oklahoma, and Texas, and in Mexico and Russia, and steal the Lord's oil and grease.

"And some day dey will have all of de Lord's oil and grease, and dem axles is gonna git hot. And den, dat will be hell, bredern, dat will be hell!"—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

118. WHEELS IN HIS HEAD.—"Maude says her husband disgraced her on their honeymoon."

"How?"

"On the steamer she wanted the other passengers to think an ocean trip was an old story to them, but almost as soon as they went on board he pointed to a row of lifebuoys and asked the captain what was the idea of all the extra tires."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*.

119. ART VS. LIFE.—"What makes you think Higgins was lit up last night?"

"Well, I sat next to him at the movies, and when they showed the news-reel he tried to set his watch by a clock in one of the street scenes."—*Life*.

120. JUST PLAIN STUCK.—Rastus: "What ho'se powah am dat flivvah?"

Rufus: "Fo' hund'ed million when she balks."

121. GENTLE REMINDER.—Husband (as wife shifts gears): "That reminds me. I must stop at the boiler factory on the way home."—*Judge*.

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122. HIGHLY RECOMMENDED.—Hostess (serving the cocktails): “Be careful not to spill any of it, won’t you? I notice it has a tendency to eat holes in the floor.”—*Life*.

123. TOO GREAT A RISK.—Life Insurance Agent: “One moment, sir, before I fill in your application. What make of car do you drive?”

Client: “I don’t drive any—I hate them!”

Life Insurance Agent: “Sorry, but our company no longer insures pedestrians!”—*The Passing Show (London)*.

124. WAISTING DISEASE.—“Mrs. Podgers is dreadfully afraid of embonpoint,” remarked Mrs. Gadsley to her caller.

“That’s a terrible disease,” returned the other woman. “My favorite aunt had it and the poor thing just wasted away.”—*Boston Transcript*.

125. UNREASONABLE REQUEST.—Doctor: “Put out your tongue—more than that—all of it.”

Child: “But, doctor, I can’t. It’s fastened at the other end!”

126. READY TO HELP.—Mrs. Neurotique: “Doctor, don’t you think I have traumatic neurosis?”

Doctor: “Not yet, but I’ll write you out a list of the symptoms and you can go home and start working on them.”—*Life*.

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127. GOING IT ALONE.—Farmer: "Well, son, what are you doing up in that tree?"

Son: "Just got a letter from the sophomores in correspondence school telling me to haze myself."—*The Lyre*.

128. Luther Burbank seems to have crossed nearly everything with everything. It now only remains for him to cross Fifth Avenue at the rush hour with nonchalance.

129. A lady talking of spiritualism said she had lately got into communication with her deceased husband who had asked for cigarettes, but, she said, "I am at a loss to know where to send them."

"Well, ma'am," said one of the company, "ye ought to know if he didn't ask for matches!"—*Reynolds' Newspaper (London)*.

130. THE COWARDLY KIND.—The Actor: "Yes, sir, someone aimed a base, cowardly egg at me."

The Other: "And what kind of an egg is that?"

The Actor: "A base, cowardly egg, sir? A base, cowardly egg is one that hits you—and then runs."—*Sydney Bulletin*.

131. EXOTIC.—One of the fruit-stall men in the city market was striving hard to add a few cents to the total of his sales.

"We've got some fine alligator pears," he suggested.

"Silly," laughed the very, very young housewife. "We don't even keep a goldfish."—*Houston Post*.

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132. HER FATAL CHARM.—A mother-in-law was in the habit of visiting her daughter just often enough to make her daughter's husband wish he had married an orphan.

One day she arrived and found her daughter in tears.

"What has happened? Has George deserted you? Has he run away?"

"Y-yes." (Sobbing.)

"Then there is a woman in the case; who is she?"

"Y-you!" (Sobbing.)

"Good heavens! And to think that I never encouraged him!"—*Pasquino (Turin)*.

133. A HOWLER.—Cockney Visitor: "What's that awful noise outside?"

Country Host: "Why, that's an owl."

Cockney Visitor: "I know it's an 'owl. But 'oo's 'owling?"

134. HELPING HIM ALONG.—"Lady, could yer gimme a quarter to get where me family is?"

"Certainly, my poor man, here's a quarter. Where is your family?"

"At de movies."—*Boston Transcript*.

135. WHERE THEY WALKED.—"I thought," said the disappointed friend, "you told me this election was going to be a walk-over."

"Well," answered the former candidate, "it was. I was the doorstep."—*Washington Star*.

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136. NOT PARTICULAR, BUT PLENTY.—She: “Does skating require any particular application?”

He: “No; arnica or horse liniment—one’s as good as the other.”—*Boston Transcript*.

137. SOMETIMES.—Teacher: “What is the plural of mouse, John?”

John: “Mice.”

Teacher: “Correct. Now the plural of spouse?”

John: “Spice.”—*Widow*.

138. LIGHT IN DARKNESS.—“Paw, what is a dark recess?”

“Christmas vacation in an Eskimo college, my son.”

“Do they celebrate by giving a Snow Ball, paw?”

“Bedtime, son.”—*Wisconsin Octopus*.

139. PERPLEXITIES OF STATESMANSHIP.—“Of course, you agree that taxes ought to be reduced.”

“Yes,” answered Senator Sorghum. “That’s the way my constituents feel about it. Only so many of them want to reduce their own and increase those of some other fellow.”—*Washington Star*.

140. OVERSIGHT OR NEGLECT.—It was a sleepy sort of day, the class was about half the usual size, and the professor was calling the roll in a half-absent manner. To each name someone had answered “here” until the name Smith was called. Silence

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reigned supreme for a moment only to be broken by the prof.'s voice.

"My word! Hasn't Mr. Smith any friends here?"
—*Humbug.*

141. A CHOICE OF EVILS.—"Bobby," said the teacher sternly, "do you know that you have broken the eighth Commandment by stealing James's apple?"

"Well," explained Bobby, "I might just as well break the eighth and have the apple as to break the tenth and only covet it."—*Forecast.*

142. CARELESS BIRD.—A young Englishman in the Highlands was on the moors. He was proving to be such a poor hand with the gun that Dougal, the attendant gillie, grew more and more disgusted. In the end, however, the sportsman managed to bring a bird down. He looked round triumphantly.

"Well, I killed that one, anyhow," he remarked.

Dougal grunted. "Serves it right," he said, "for getting in the way of your shot."—*Tit-Bits.*

143. THAT KIND OF POCKET.—The word "thief" was on the blackboard, but Dick could not spell it. "Surely you know what that spells," exclaimed the teacher. "Now, suppose I put my hand into your pocket and took out a penny, what should I be?"

"A conjurer," replied Dick.—*London Post.*

144. OH, JOY!—Scientist (to his housekeeper):
"Hannah! You have been in my employ twenty-five

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years, so as a reward for your faithful service I have decided to name after you this species of water-beetle I have just discovered.”—*London Opinion*.

145. WE'D NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT.—Small Girl: “Mummy, how do angels get their nighties on over their wings?”—*The Passing Show (London)*.

146. HIS KIND INVITATION.—Professor (after trying first-hour class): “Some time ago my doctor told me to exercise early every morning with dumbbells. Will the class please join me to-morrow before breakfast?”—*The Watchman-Examiner*.

147. THE REAL MYSTERY.—The skull of a man, believed to be 200,000 years old, has been found in California, and all loyal native sons are at a loss to understand how he ever happened to die.—*Life (New York)*.

148. POOR NAN.—An Armistice Day meeting was being held in a one-horse town and the chief speaker was waxing more rhetorical than veracious concerning the exploits of the local hero.

“Let us never forget the valor of young Clarence McEllery,” he roared. “It was he who led the successful attack upon Lorraine! It was he who took Nancy by surprise! It was—”

“The brute!” ejaculated an old lady, and left the hall.

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149. TRUE SYMPATHY.—Lawyer: “What? Ten thousand a year to your wife if she marries again, and only five thousand if she doesn’t? That is unusual!”

Client: “Yes, but, you see, I think of my successor. He deserves extra!”—*The Passing Show* (London).

150. ARTS AND ARTERIES.—She had a vast amount of money, but it had come to her quite recently. One day an acquaintance asked her if she was fond of art.

“Fond of art!” she exclaimed. “Well, I should say I was! If I am ever in a city where there’s an artery, I never fail to visit it.”—*The Christian-Evangelist* (St. Louis).

151.—IT DEPENDS.—“A man is never older than he feels,” declared the ancient beau, bravely. “Now I feel as fresh as a two-year-old.”

“Horse or egg?” asked the sweet young thing brightly.—*Tit-Bits* (London).

152. LIQUID, ALL RIGHT.—The Mississippi banker asked a man who was trying to borrow money, “How much have you in the way of immediate liquid assets?”

To which the customer cautiously replied: “About a case and a half.”—*Southern Lawyer and Banker*.

153. THAT KIND OF A TIRE.—If the party who took the auto tire from 380 E. Piccadilly Street will call, he can get the five blowout patches that belong with the tire.—*Classified ad in the Winchester (Virginia) Evening Star*.

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154. QUALIFIED.—“We want a man for our information bureau,” said the manager. “He must be a wide-awake fellow and accustomed to complaints.”

“That’s me,” replied the applicant. “I’m the father of twins.”—*Cornell Widow*.

155. ALL WRONG.—The Lawyer: “I have succeeded in making a settlement with your husband that is eminently fair to both of you.”

Mrs. Triplewed.—“Fair to both! I could have done that myself. What do you think I hired you for?”—*Boston Globe*.

156. THAT KIND OF FEET.—Customer: “I would like to see a pair of shoes that would fit my feet.”

Salesman: “So would I.”—*Upper Iowa Collegian*

157. RAISING THE AMOUNT.—Scandalized Judge (to enraged attorney): “Silence! I fine you five dollars for contempt of court.”

Enraged Attorney (planking down twenty-dollar bill): “Five dollars doesn’t begin to express my contempt for this court!”—*Sun Dodger*.

158. A GOOD LOSER.—Passenger (fumbling through pockets): “I’m afraid I’ve lost my ticket.”

Irate Conductor: “What do you mean, lost it? You couldn’t lose a ticket a yard long.”

Passenger: “I couldn’t, hey? Say, you don’t know me. I lost a bass drum once.”—*Columbus (Indiana) Ledger*.

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159. ALL GOOD.—The Vicar: “So you like the country? Are your hens good layers?”

Mabel (fresh from town): “Topping! They haven’t laid a bad egg yet!”—*Passing Show* (London).

160. REMARKABLE, BUT TRUE.—When Cupid hits his mark he generally Mrs. it.—*Green Gander*.

161. DONE BROWN, ANYWAY.—“Mamma,” said a little boy, who had been sent to dry a towel before the fire, “is it done when it is brown?”—*Pearson’s Weekly* (London).

162. THE VICTIM.—“Yes, my ’usband’s laid up, a victim of football.”

“But I didn’t know ’e even played the game.”

“’E doesn’t. ’E sprained ’is larynx at the match last Saturday!”—*The Passing Show* (London).

163. CURBING THEIR ELOQUENCE.—First Attorney: “Your Honor, unfortunately, I am opposed by an unmitigated scoundrel.”

Second Attorney: “My learned friend is such a notorious liar—”

Judge (sharply): “The counsel will kindly confine their remarks to such matters as are in dispute.”—*Virginia Reel*.

164. THE REAL QUESTION.—Wife (as they depart from the summer hotel): “Have we left anything, dear?”

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Husband: "You mean 'Have we anything left?'"
—*London Opinion*.

165. DURABLE, ANYWAY.—For Sale— 200 year-old White Leghorn hens, 75c each. LaSalle 63R6.—*Greeley (Colorado) Tribune*.

166. THE SMILE THAT REVEALS THE SOLE.—A rather tall, slender girl, with golden hair, a fair skin, deep blue eyes, a rather large, shapely mouth which, when she smiles, discloses perfect teeth and perfect feet.—*From a description of a "movie" heroine in The Pomona (California) Progress*.

167. HER REMARKABLE VOICE.—Paderewski, prince of pianists, tells an amusing story of a lady who fancied herself as a vocalist. One day while playing the accompaniment to one of her songs, she came to the conclusion that the piano did not sound right, somehow, and telephoned for a tuner. The man came, and found the instrument in perfect order. However, he pottered about for a while, pocketed his fee, and departed. A few days later his employer received another telephone message from the lady. Her piano, she complained, had not been properly tuned. It was no better than before, and she was very disappointed. After receiving a reprimand from his employer, the hapless tuner made another trip and again tested every note, only to find, as previously, no fault with the instrument. This time

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he told the lady so. "Yes," she said, "it does sound all right, doesn't it, when you play on it; but as soon as I begin to sing it gets all out of tune."

168. MUSIC NOTES.—"What is your occupation?"

"I used to be an organist."

"And why did you give it up?"

"The monkey died."—*The Christian-Evangelist* (St. Louis).

169. CURATIVE MEASURES.—In an English school the children had been examined, and their eyes tested, according to the education authority's latest decree. Those who were suffering from defects had notes given them to take home. Among the note-bearers was one of the name of Willie Jones, and the note he bore was as follows:

"Dear Sir—I wish to inform you that your son William shows signs of astigmatism, which ought to be attended to at once.—Yours faithfully, J. W., Headmaster."

In the afternoon Willie brought this reply:

"Dear Sir—I don't know just what it is that Willie's been doing, but I walloped him well this dinner time, and you can have another go at him if he isn't any better.—Yours truly, William Jones, Sen."—*Argonaut*.

170. THE SYMPTOMS.—Husband (after first round of the holiday): "Absolutely putrid course. Wish we'd never come to this rotten hole."

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Wife: "How many did you lose by, dear?"—*London Opinion*.

171. IT WORKED.—Willis: "You know that excuse you told me to spring on the boss when I was late this morning?"

Gillis: "Yes. I said it was a sure-fire excuse. Wasn't it?"

Willis: "It was. He sure fired me."—*Life*.

172. TO BE USED WITH DISCRETION.—"How about this new drug that compels people to tell the absolute truth?" asked the laboratory expert.

"We'll turn out a supply," replied the manufacturer. "But be careful not to let the man who writes our patent medicine ads get hold of it."—*Washington Star*.

173. HELP!—Lost—a lady's pocketbook in a car driven by an unknown man containing \$10 and two passengers. Return to ——. Reward.—*Classifd Ad in The Nashville Banner*.

174. DAMAGED, BUT REPARABLE.—Joe Hass tells about a tin roof of a Kansas store that was torn off and rolled into a compact bundle by a cyclone. Having a sense of humor, the owner wrapt a few strands of baling wire around the ruin and shipped it to Henry Ford. In due time came a communication saying:

"It will cost you \$48.50 to have your car repaired. For heaven's sake, tell us what hit you!"—*The Crescent*.

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175. A PATHETIC CASE.—A big burly man called at the rectory, and when the door was opened, asked to see the rector's wife, a woman well known for her charitable impulses.

"Madam," he addressed her in a broken voice, "I wish to draw your attention to the terrible plight of a poor family in this district. The father is dead, the mother is too ill to work, and the nine children are starving. They are about to be turned into the street unless someone pays their arrears in rent, which amount to ten or twelve pounds."

"How terrible!" exclaimed the lady. "May I ask who you are?"

The sympathetic visitor applied his handkerchief to his eyes.

"I'm the landlord," he sobbed.—*London Opinion*.

176. NOT GUILTY.—First Steno.: "The idea of your working steady eight hours a day! I would not think of such a thing!"

Second Steno.—"Neither would I. It was the boss that thought of it."—*Town Topics*.

177. ADVANCEMENT.—"To-day I have been twenty-five years in your service, sir."

"Yes. And look how you have risen. When you began you only got one hundred marks a month—and now you get 1,000,000!"—*Meggenforfer Blaetter (Munich)*.

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178. CONTEMPORARY CAMOUFLAGE.—Son: "Is it true about the ass disguising himself with a lion's skin?"

Father: "So the fable goes; but now the colleges do it with a sheep skin."—*Bison*.

179. POOR FISH!—Wife: "How many fish was it you caught on Saturday, George?"

Husband: "Six, darling—all beauties."

Wife: "I thought so. That fish market has made a mistake again. They've charged us for eight."—*Good Hardware*.

180. IN THE INTEREST OF ACCURACY.—"You have heard what the last witness said," persisted counsel, "and yet your evidence is to the contrary. Am I to infer that you wish to throw doubt on her veracity?"

The polite young man waved a deprecating hand.

"Not at all," he replied. "I merely wish to make it clear what a liar I am if she's speaking the truth."—*Tit-Bits (London)*.

181. A STARTER.—Farmer: "Now, come along, and I'll teach you to milk the cow."

Cockney Hand: "Seein' I'm new to it, mister, hadn't I better learn on the calf?"—*London Opinion*.

182. ONE MIGHT.—Now that it has become known that thirty agricultural colleges are giving courses in ice-cream making, might one be pardoned for referring to them as sundae schools?—*Nashville Southern Lumberman*.

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183. BREAKING THE NEWS.—“Your daughter has promised to marry me. Will you forgive me for taking her away from you?”

“Forgive you! Why that’s what the party was for.”—*London Opinion*.

184. A PIOUS HOPE.—Superintendent of Sunday School (whose enthusiasm runs toward regular attendance): “Out of the entire school, only one pupil is absent to-day—little Doris Smith—let us hope that she is ill.”—*London Opinion*.

185. REAL APPRECIATION.—“I have just called in to say how much I appreciate your treatment, doctor.”

“But I am not your doctor, young man!”

“No. But you were my old uncle’s, and I am his heir!”—*Karikaturen (Christiania)*.

186. SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.—Visitor: “Can you tell me if Bill Jones is up in his room?”

Frosh: “Sorry, there’s nobody home in the top story.”

Visitor: “Oh, excuse me. I’ll ask someone else.”—*Purple Parrot*.

187. NOW’S THE TIME TO S-BSCR-BE!—“Dear Doctor—My pet billy goat is seriously ill from eating a complete leather-bound set of Shakespeare. What do you prescribe?”

Answer: “Am sending *Literary Digest* by return mail.”—*The Leader (Kansas State Teachers’ College)*.

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188. THE LITTLE DARLING.—“Mother, isn’t Auntie just like a bulldog?”

“Hush! Hush! Don’t talk so loud!”

“Why? Would the bulldog be mad?”—*Kasper (Stockholm)*.

189. Aeneas Brown had been arrested on charges of assault and battery.

“Aren’t you going to hire a lawyer to defend you, Aeneas?” asked a friend shortly before the trial.

“No, sah,” replied the darky, “it’ll be all I can do to pay my fine, let alone payin’ a lawyer’s fee besides.”

190. THE UNKINDEST CUT.—Herbert (finding a piece of rubber in his hash): “There’s no doubt about it, the auto is displacing the horse everywhere.”—*The Harvard Lampoon*.

191. HOW IT’S DONE.—Head Waiter (to waiter): “The customer in the corner has ordered fresh-made coffee. Just keep him waiting ten minutes.”—*Klods-Hans (Copenhagen)*.

192. WHAT THEY ALL THINK.—Nit: “What did he say to the dean when he was fired?”

Wit: “He congratulated the school on turning out such fine men.”—*Purple Parrot*.

193. HARD QUESTION.—Willie: “Pa, teacher says we are here to help others.”

Pa: “Yes, that’s so.”

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Willie: "Well, what are the others here for?"—
New Zealand Farmer.

194. "I understand," said Mrs. Smith, "that our former plumber has become a doctor."

"Yes," said Mrs. Jones, "and they say he almost lost his first case."

"How was that?"

"In the middle of the operation he found that he had to go back for some tools."

195. A REAL METALLURGIST.—

A charming young chap from Woonsocket
Neatly slipped his wife's watch in his pocket.

He said with a grin,

"I sure need the tin,

So I'll take this gold thing out and hocket."

196. The dancing reform is now so strict here that
Sherm Spoor would just as soon dance with Myrt, his
wife, as with any other woman.

197. We have our mighty football yells

And songs that seem quite nifty,

But the universal college yell

Is, "Dad, wire me fifty."—*Jack O' Lantern.*

198. A young boxer with splendid physique

Received a hard blow on the bique;

His head hit the ground

And he didn't come round

To his senses for more than a wique.

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199. Pat had been having difficulty with his grammar. He went to Mike for advice.

"I am always gettin' confused in me grammar," said Pat.

"How so?" asked Mike.

"I never can remember whether to say, 'It is me' or 'It is I.' "

"That's easy," returned Mike, "I can tell you a way of knowin'."

"Sure and I wish you'd tell me of it," said Pat.

"Just say over to yourself this rhyme: '*It is I, said the spider to the fly.*' "

A few days later they met.

"What about your grammar, Pat?" asked Mike.

"Not so good," replied Pat.

"Did you say over to yourself the rhyme I told you?" Mike asked.

"Yes, and there's the trouble," Pat answered perplexed, "I could not remember whether your rhyme was, '*It is I, said the spider to the fly,*' or '*It is me, said the spider to the flea.*' "

200. Mrs. Dummy: "The Richleighs are invited to twice as many bridge parties as we are, although they are poor players."

Dummy: "That's the reason. They always lose."

201. NOTHING DOING.—A schoolteacher had found her class of boys reluctant in their writing of English compositions. At last she conceived a great idea to stimulate their interest—to write an account of a ball game.

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It seemed that she was successful. With one exception, the boys threw themselves at the task and evolved youthful masterpieces. The backward one chewed reluctantly at his pen and was then struck by a burst of genius. When the teacher opened his paper, it read:

"Rain—no game."—*The American Legion Weekly*.

202. A young lawyer, in trying a case, became very much excited, and with many gestures and emphasis in pleading his case before the judge, stated: "Why, judge, if I thought for one moment that my client was guilty, I would go out behind the courthouse and blow my brains out."

Judge, interrupting: "Just a minute, young man, just a minute! You certainly flatter your marksmanship."

203. UP TO HER.—Nervous Woman (to persistent beggar): "If I give you a piece of pudding, you'll never return, will you?"

Beggar: "Well, lady, you know your pudding better than I do."—*Stanolind Record*.

204. ALL CLEAR NOW.—Whiz Bang: "What's the difference between the jingle of the American dollar and the Chinese yen?"

Sky Rocket: "One is the chink of the coin, and the other is the coin of the Chink."—*The American Legion Weekly*.

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205. THOUGHTLESS.—Effie: “Why hasn’t daddy much hair?”

Mother: “Because he thinks a lot, darling!”

Effie (pause): “But why have you got such a lot, mummie—?”

Mother: “Get—on—with—your—breakfast!”—*London Opinion.*

206. Hubby: “Of course, dear, it’s only a rough idea of mine, but do you think it’s possible that there’s such a thing as a printer’s error in that cookery manual of yours?”—*London Opinion.*

207. A certain group of older men in a small town in Virginia meet quite often and usually have something to drink.

The oldest one was observed to always hold his nose while drinking. One night he was asked why he did it and if he disliked the smell.

His reply was: “If I smell the stuff it makes my mouth water and I don’t want my drinks diluted with anything.”

208. SEVERAL, IN FACT.—Ike: “What do you think of Ford as a Presidential possibility?”

Mike: “Fine! He has the makings of another Lincoln.”—*Pitt Panther.*

209. Kidd: “Venice has canals instead of streets. What do you suppose the Salvation Army does for corners?”

Kidder: “Guess they have to use the navy over there.”

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210. "I wish to advertise for a wife through your want-ad columns."

"Yes, sir. Under what classification: Business Chances, Pet Stock, or Household Fixtures?"

211. "Oh, Dickie!" exclaimed his sister. "Who taught you to swear like that?"

"Taught me to swear? Why, it's me that teaches the other guys."—*Denver Parrakeet*.

212. "Ah, how different the great West is now. It must have been glorious in the old days—with the prairie teeming with buffalo."

"Yes, it must have been far better than now—with the cities teeming with elks."—*Phoenix*.

213. KEPT AFTER HOURS.—She had been married but two weeks, and her aviator husband was employed as a sky-writer for an advertising concern. The dinner was growing cold, as delayed dinners usually do. Nervously she searched the heavens; a shuddering sigh escaped her trembling lips. The 'phone rang.

"Hello," she answered breathlessly.

"Hello, Mrs. James," came the reply. "This is the general manager of the Sky's-the-Limit Advertising Company. Your husband had an unfortunate mishap while at work this afternoon and I fear that he will not be home for dinner. His eyes were in terrible shape."

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"Oh—oh, dear!" cried Mrs. James faintly. "Isn't there anything that can be done to cure him?"

"Well," responded the voice of the general manager, "he ought to learn by experience. This is the third time that I've had to send him back twenty-five miles to dot 'em."

214. THEY NATURALLY WOULD.—A Boston man traveling in the South got to chatting with the little Negro boy who was polishing his shoes and inquired his name.

" 'Gen,' sah," was the reply.

" 'Jen'? That's a girl's name, isn't it?"

"Ah spells it wif a G, not a J, sah."

"Oh, possibly an abbreviation of 'General,' " said the Boston man.

"No, sah; 'tain't zackly dat," was the reply. "Mah sho'-nough name am 'Genesis, xxx, 33, So shall my righteousness answer for me in time to come,' Washington Carter, but dey jest calls me 'Gen' for short."
—*Boston Transcript*.

215. AVOID THIS.—There was in dressgoods a salesman who used as a clincher the argument: "It just suits your style."

He was so successful with this somewhat ambiguous phrase that he grew careless and finally met his Waterloo. That was the day he tried to sell a polka-dot to a freckle-faced girl.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

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216. PLAIN TEEDLE.—

There was a young man named Teedle,
Who wouldn't accept his degree;
He said, "It's enough to be Teedle,
Without being Teedle D. D."—*Dirge*.

217. "My husband is never happy when I am out of his sight."

"Mine don't trust me either."—*Yellow Jacket*.

218. "Advertising," said the ad writer, "is for me nothing but perpetual motion. I write them and get paid for writing them, my wife reads them, and I then pay for them."

219. DECEIVING SYMPTOM.—"Are you a messenger boy?" asked the near-sighted man of a boy in the street.

"No, sir," was the indignant reply, "it's my sore toe that makes me walk so slowly."—*London Tit-Bits*.

220. ALL BUSY THAT WAY.—Headline—"Scientist Says 90 Per Cent of Girls Who Marry Are Working Girls."

That is true enough, as far as it goes. But he neglected to say that a hundred per cent of the girls who marry are working men.—*Lemon Punch*.

221. Warden: "Who are you and what are you charged with?"

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Prisoner: "My name's Spark. I am an electrician, and I'm charged with battery."

Warden: "Jailer, put this man in a dry cell."—*Exchange.*

222. CORRECT.—Teacher: "Children, can any of you tell me what is the most dangerous part of a motor car?"

Tommy (shrilly): "Yes, miss, I can! It's the driver!"

223. Wife: "After all, Clarence, this trip isn't going to be so expensive. With the four dresses I simply had to get and your clothes cleaned and pressed, we'll manage splendidly.—*Humorist (London).*

224. Thomson: "Do you know how to run a motor car?"

Jackson: "Why, I thought I did until I had a short conversation with a policeman yesterday."

225. Professor (to freshman entering class late): "When were you born?"

Freshman: "On the second of April."

"Late again."—*Georgia Tech. Yellow Jacket.*

226. Life is nothing but a partly written scrawl,

Or a lot of shadows dancing on a wall;

It's of small importance, but

If a golfer dubs a putt

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Try to tell him nothing matters after all!

Just try!

That's all!

227. Abe Cohen went every night to the poolroom of Kelly & O'Brien to play for ten cents a point.

One evening Mrs. Cohen was awakened by a loud and persistent knocking on her front door. She stuck her head out the window and called, "Who is id? Vat you vant?"

"Does Mrs. Cohen live here?" asked a man on the step.

"I'm Mrs. Cohen," she replied.

"Well, I'm Mr. Kelly from the poolroom up the street. Your husband shoots pool there every evening."

"Vell, I know dat."

"He was shooting to-night and lost \$1,500."

"Ach, mein Gott! Mein husband lose \$1,500 shooting pool? He should drop dead!"

"That's what he did, madam. Good-night."—
Drexlerd.

228.—LIQUID GOLD.—

When I was up in
The mountains once,
I came onto an old
Prospector, who was
Standing just outside
A cave.

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He told me he just
Found a treasure
Hidden inside.
"What is it?" I asks,
"Quartz?"
"Naw," he whispers,
"Pints!"

—*Octopus.*

229. Hey diddle diddle,
Please answer this riddle:
I spent four full years in a college;
And now that I'm through,
What the deuce can I do
With fifteen degrees and my knowledge?

230. STILL HUNGRY.—A senior was seated at a table in a New York cafe. The waiter was about to serve him his soup. Suddenly the tray slipped, and in a twinkling the dignified senior was dignified no longer. "Did you get any of that, sir?" queried the waiter, in a humble apologetic tone.

"No," snapped the senior as he fished a piece of carrot out of his ear, "I didn't have my mouth open!"
—*Lampoon.*

231. "Dear Unda—Lord This-and-That recently died in England and left me forty thousand pounds. How can I get it over?"

"A. S. BESTOS."

Answer: "Sit down and think it over."

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232. "Say, Joe, you're a broker; can't you give me a tip?"

"I know something that is now about twenty, and within six months I can guarantee it to be over ninety."

"Sounds fine! What is it?"

"The thermometer."—*Massachusetts Tech. Voo Doo.*

233. ONE THING AT A TIME.—Dot: "Do you ever allow a man to kiss you when you're out motoring with him?"

Dora: "Never. If a man can drive safely while kissing me, he's not giving the kiss the attention it deserves."

234. A NEW SPOKE IN THE HUB.—The first day of school a little girl presented herself who looked very much like a true daughter of Italy.

"You're an Italian?" asked the teacher.

"No'm," was the astonishing reply.

"But wasn't your father born in Italy?"

"Yes'm."

"Yes'm."

"Well, you must be an Italian."

"No'm," she answered. "I'm Irish. I was born in Boston."—*Open Road.*

235. ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.—Maude: "What a beautiful new gown Helen is wearing. Says it's imported, doesn't she?"

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Marie: "Not exactly in those words. It's her last season's dress. The dressmaker has turned it inside out, and now she says it's from the other side."—*Boston Transcript.*

236. Higgs: "I'm running around all day trying to get something for my wife."

Biggs: "Did you get any offers?"

237. Remus: "Whar yo' all g'wine wid dat baby food, Mose?"

Mose: "Mah wife Dinah give me a son las' night."

Remus: "Dasso, what you gwine call him?"

Mose: "Lectricity."

Remus: "Am he as shockin' as dat?"

Mose: "No, but what ailse can we call him when he comes from Dinah-Mose?"

238. "Is yours an exclusive hotel?"

"Well, sir, I will be quite frank with you. We have four hundred rooms. If you will engage them all, very good. If not, we shall be obliged to take in a few other exclusive guests."

239. "Doctor, I can't sleep."

"Take this medicine strictly every hour."

"But, doctor, I'll never be able to wake up for that."

240. At Byrn Mawr recently seventy-five girls marched out of a burning dormitory in their nighties,

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and a dozen firemen were overcome by smoke. At least they said it was smoke.

241. "How did you become a tramp?"

"Doctor's orders, mum. He told me to walk after me meals."

242. A young college professor said to a fair pupil: "Let me teach you to love me."

"How many girls are going to take the course?"

243. Young Doctor (enthusiastically): "It is one of my fondest dreams to make a discovery that will be of lasting benefit to the medical profession!"

Older Doctor: "Great idea, my boy! Suppose you devise an infallible method of collecting overdue accounts!"

244. HIS BABY GIRL.—Gertie: "And why does that man always refer to you as his baby girl?"

Mabel: "Oh, I don't know. I suppose I keep him up so late nights."

245. Victim of the Inquisitive Habit: "What's the matter, old chap? You look run down."

Victim of the Jaywalking Habit: "I was."

246. An old-time Southerner, who had never learned to hurry, wanted to give his favorite recipe for home-brew to a friend. He began the search for it in his right coat pocket, slowly removing every

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article from the right pocket to the left without results. Then he reversed the operation, transferring the contents of the left pocket to the right. Still the recipe was not forthcoming. He had started patiently and deliberately to empty the right pocket again when a smile lighted his face. He said:

"This reminds me of the nigger boy who sweeps the drug store on the corner. I asked him the other day why he never dusted the furniture, and he answered: "Caze I jus' swep' de flo' and if I dus' de furniture de dus'll git back on de flo' an' I have ter sweep de flo' agin and *den* de dus' 'll git on de furniture.' If it isn't in one place it's bound to be in the other."

And he resumed the search and found the elusive bit of paper.

247. STARTING RIGHT.—A Hebrew came home and found his wife with little Ikey in her arms, singing him to sleep with a lullaby like this, "By-low, baby; by-low, baby."

The Jew on seeing this was all smile and proudly said to his wife, "Dat vas right, you teach him to buy low and I'll teach him to sell high."—*Burr*.

248. Judge: "Do you believe in divorce?"

Liza: "Yas, suh, I does."

Rastus: "How comes you believes in divorce, woman?"

Liza: "Well, it's this way, judge, I sorta feels we needs somethin' to keep us women in circulation!"—*Froth*.

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249. Housekeeper: "I asked you to send me a young chicken."

Butcher: "Well, didn't you get a young one?"

Housekeeper: "Young? Say, it was old enough to dress itself."—*Juggler*.

250. The near-sighted man and his wife were inspecting the latest art exhibition with critical care.

"That's the ugliest portrait I've ever seen," he cried angrily, striving vainly for a better view of the abomination.

"Come away, you fool!" replied his wife. "You are looking at yourself in a mirror."—*Bison*.

251. Miss Cora was taking her first trip on the train.

The conductor came through and called for the tickets. Cora readily gave up her ticket.

A few minutes later the butcher-boy coming through called, "Chewing gum."

"Never!" cried Cora bravely. "You can take my ticket, but not my chewing gum."—*Bison*.

252. THE REAL CAUSE.—Friend Wife to Doctor: "My husband is troubled with a buzzing noise in his ears. What would you advise?"

Doctor: "I'd advise him to go to the seashore for a month."

Friend Wife: "But he can't spare the time to go away."

Doctor: "Then you go!"—*Pitt Panther*.

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253. Skin: "Why all the puffing?"

Flint: "I am all tired out. There was a fight out there and I was running to stop it."

Skin: "Is that so? Who was fighting?"

Flint: "Me and another guy."—*Puppet*.

254. Father: "What did you do with the checque I sent you?"

Student: "Alma Mater took it all, dad."

Father: "And I told you to keep away from the women!"—*Pitt Panther*.

255. SOULFUL SUBTITLES.—Some of the subtitle writers have kicked off the literary and movie lid and are running riot with their unique smiles. Here are a few a bozo gathered for the ORAN JOWL in one brief visit to the metropolis:

"Her lips, quivering like a flivver—"

"His mind, like her face, was made up—"

"John edged nearer and nearer to her, until they were as close as the air in a subway."

"His attention was as anxious as that of a student watching a taxi meter."

"And then it was that David learned that he loved her, loved her with the close affection of a sardine for its mate."—*Orange Owl*.

256. Co-ed: "What a pity it is that handsome men are always conceited?"

He: "Not always, little girl. I am not."—*Beanpot*.

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257. ANOTHER FACT.—Police Magistrate (reprimanding girls for scanty attire on the beach): “I see no reason why you girls should wear these one-piece bathing suits. When I was a young man, women never did.”

Spokesman for the Defense: “But, your Honor, you must realize that times have become stricter.”—*Lampoon.*

258. HOME, JYMES.—It was an evening fit for the gods. A fair moon sailed on high, beaming benignly down with a silvery light. Shrouded, mysterious mountains loomed in the distance. The warm south wind brought the fragrance of flowers. There was the smell of earth and of lilacs. Softly, a robin poured out its heart in pure ecstasy. It was night for romance and love.

Down below, a couple sat on a knoll, gazing, enraptured, at the beautiful scene. She was wondrous fair, ravishing to the eye. Never before, he vowed to himself, had he seen one so charming. He drew closer. He longed to clasp her in his arms, and hold her tightly to him. But he lacked encouragement.

Finally, she spoke. “Oh, I’m so cold.” She shivered. The golden moment had come! He touched her soft hand ever so gently.

“Cold, you dumbbell,” she said, “cold, not playful!”—*Beanpot.*

259. KEEPING TO THE POINT.—Porter: “This train goes to Buffalo and points east.”

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Old Lady: "Well, I want a train that gets to Syracuse and I don't care which way it points."—*Dry Goods Economist*.

260. HE WON.—The race was over, the flag hoisted, and the crowd of fortunates who had backed the winner had gathered round the bookmaker to receive their winnings.

One vacant-looking individual, who was evidently "seeing life" for the first time, claimed five pounds.

"What did you back?" asked the fat-faced man with the big waist, who was standing on a stool.

"Silver Cloud," replied the vacant one.

"Why, man alive," yelled the man with the satchel, "that horse turned back and finished at the starting-post!"

"I know that," said the other. "But didn't I back the horse both ways?"

There was a dull thud on the greensward, and an anxious crowd gathered. The man with the big waist had fainted.—*Punch (London)*.

261. CLASSIFIED.—Recently a woman depositor entered a Boston bank to make a deposit. She had some bills and checks to deposit, so she procured a deposit slip which required the listing of bills, specie, and checks. She listed her bills and checks in their respective places, but was somewhat in doubt as to what to list under specie. After a few moments' thought she wrote after the word specie "Female" and turned in her deposit.—*Forbes Magazine*.

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262. PALMS ON EVERY HAND.—First Guest: "I'm sure I don't know why they call this hotel 'The Palms,' do you? I've never seen a palm anywhere near the place."

Second Guest: "You'll see them before you go. It's a pleasant little surprise the waiters keep for the guests on the last day of their stay."—*The Watchman-Examiner (New York)*.

263. BETTER AFTER THAN BEFORE.—"But, darling, don't you want to marry a man who is economical?"

"I suppose so; but it's awful being engaged to one."—*Flamingo*.

264. HOW IS YOUR SPIRITUAL CARBON?—Knocking, in an individual, is just as much evidence of lack of power as it is in an automobile —*The Lyre*.

265. WE NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT.—Mother: "There, now, I've read you the whole story of the ark and you must go to sleep."

Tommy: "But what would have happened if Noah had sent out a sea-gull?"—*The Humorist (London)*.

266. MORE AND MORE AND MORE.—"When Jack and I are married, I'm going to have three servants."

"You will probably have twenty-three, my dear—but not all at once."—*The Sydney Bulletin*.

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267. SERIOUS.—“Your wife is looking well!”

“Yes. Just fancy. When I took her to the sanatorium she was so bad that I wouldn’t risk buying a return ticket!”—*Sondags Nisse (Stockholm)*.

268. SAFETY FIRST.—It was on the old campground. “Pass de hat,” suggested Bruddah Wheatly. But the parson raised his hand. “No, sah,” he shouted, “dere’ll be no hat about it. Pass a tin box wid a chain to it. De last time a hat was passed around heah, it nevah came back, and I had to go home bareheaded.”—*Chicago News*.

269. THE WAY HE LOOKED.—“There’s a man outside, sir, that wants to see you about a bill you owe him. He wouldn’t give his name.”

“What does he look like?”

“Well, he looks like you’d better pay it.”—*Life (New York)*.

270. SERVE THEM RIGHT.—Minister’s Wife: “Wake up! There are burglars in the house.”

Minister: “Well, what of it? Let them find out their mistake themselves.”—*College of the Pacific Weekly*.

271. THE SHINING EXCEPTION.—“Did any of your family ever make a brilliant marriage?”

“Only my wife.”—*Boston Evening Transcript*.

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272. THE TIME OF TRIAL.—“Do you have to see a doctor before you get booze in this town?”

“No, afterwards.”—*Harvard Lampoon*.

273. WASTED BREATH.—A Texas attorney was delivering a Fourth of July address. He had held forth prosily for nearly an hour, apparently without getting anywhere. At length he stopped, and then said in impressive tones, “I pause to ask myself a question.”

A voice from back of the hall shouted: “Better not. You’ll only get a fool answer.”—*The Lawyer and Banker*.

274. BIG BUSINESS.—A real estate man was plainly worried, and his wife asked him to tell her about the deal. It seems that he had it fixed up to sell a man a loft building, a marble yard, with dock privileges, a factory site, and a summer-garden, and to take in part payment a block of frame tenements, a small subdivision, an abandoned lime kiln and a farm.

“He assumes a \$20,000 mortgage on the loft building,” explained the real estate man, “and I take over a second mortgage on the subdivision. Get me!”

“I guess I get you,” responded his wife. “But what is the hitch about?”

“Well, I want four dollars in cash.”—*Pittsburgh Sun*.

275. SAFE SECRETS.—She: “How is it that widows generally manage to marry again?”

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He: "Because dead men tell no tales."—*Harper's Magazine*.

276. EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE.—The correspondent of a large business concern had been invited out to dinner by a friend. At the table the host asked him to say grace. It was a new experience, but he was not to be found wanting.

"Dear Lord," he began, "we thank Thee for all Thy favors of recent date. Permit us to express our heartfelt gratitude. We trust that we may continue to merit Your confidence and that we shall receive many more blessings from You in the future. Amen."
—*Store News*.

277. NOT HIM!—Shop Foreman: "You ain't one of them blokes wot drops their tools and scoots as soon as knock-off blows, are you?"

Lily White: "Not me. Why, I often have to wait five minutes after I put me tools away before the whistle goes."—*The Sydney Bulletin*.

278. CONSERVATION.—A young woman who was reared in an Eastern Kansas town read in a poultry journal that poultry-raising was remunerative, so she decided to try it. She purchased a hen and set her on thirteen eggs. She wrote to a poultry journal that poultry raising was much to her liking and wondered how long the hen should remain on the eggs. The paper wrote back, "Three weeks for chickens and four weeks for ducks." Later she wrote to the

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poultry journal as follows: "Many thanks for your advice about the setting hen. She remained on the nest three weeks and at the end of that time there were no chickens hatched. As I did not care for ducks, I took her off the nest and sold the eggs."—*Clyde (Kansas) Voice Republican*.

279. EXPERIENCED.—A victim of chronic bronchitis called on a doctor to be examined. The doctor, after careful questioning, assured the patient that the ailment would respond readily to treatment. "I suppose you must have had a great deal of experience with this disease?" said the sufferer.

The doctor smiled wisely, and replied, "Why, my dear sir, I've had bronchitis myself for over fifteen years."—*The Christian Evangelist (St. Louis)*.

280. REVAMPING AN ANCIENT ONE.—The traditional trio—Irishman, Jew and Scotchman—were in the traditional leaky lifeboat, far out at sea. The Irishman, becoming frantic as the water gained steadily, besought his comrades to pray, or, at least, to do something of a religious nature.

So the Jew started to take up a collection.

Seeing which, the Scotchman jumped overboard.

281. Sympathetic Person: "Hello! What is the matter, little boy? Are you lost?"

Little Boy: "Yes, I am. I might-a known better'n to come out with grandma. She's always losin' sumpin'."—*Kansas Brown Bull*.

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282. Caller: "Are you sure Mrs. Snip is not in?"

Maid: Do you doubt her word, ma'am?"

283. "Prisoner, did you steal that rug?"

"No, yer Honor. A lady gave it to me and told me to beat it, and I did."—*Georgia Yellow Jacket*.

284. MERTON FROM MANHATTAN.—A young magazine editor of New York took a trip to California and happened in upon Hollywood. He was invited to a motion-picture party and decided to put off his usual reserve and diffidence and enter fully into the spirit of the occasion. He devoted his attention throughout the evening to a young film actress.

"I will be wild," he determined. "I will be rowdy. I will behave with all the abandon for which Hollywood is famous."

He did his best, but suddenly, as he was playing the rôle to the limit of his capacity, the young woman broke down and wept.

The editor asked the cause of her distress, and with tears in her eyes she looked up and said: "I've been here almost a year now and you're the first fellow that's acted to me like a gentleman."—*Heywood Brown in New York World*.

285. A LITTLE LESSON.—Little Solange, six years old, was looking at herself in the mirror ceaselessly and making a thousand and one elegant gestures. Her good mother, without appearing to notice, began to tell her:

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"I once knew a little girl who thought she was very beautiful, but it was really just the opposite, and the more she admired herself the uglier and more frightful she actually became, and one day—"

But Solange continued to survey herself.

"Oh, mother, dear," she said with a languid air, "if you only knew how little that story interests me!"
—*L'Écho de Paris*.

286.—ON HIS WAY.—Fair Lady: "Is there no succor?"

Brave Knight: "Yes, I'm coming."—*Augwan*.

287. DUST TO DUST.—

He covered the ground, on warnings he frowned,
And took many chances slim;
Until at the last he was speeding so fast,
That—well—now the ground covers him!

288. NOT QUITE.—The Press Man (interviewing notorious personage recently released from prison): "And then shall I say that you walked forth from the grim gates of prison a free man?"

The Notoriety: "No, no, you can't say that. I had the wife with me!"—*London Humorist*.

289. A WILLING SACRIFICE.—"Mamma," said little Elsie, "I do wish I had some money to give you for the poor children."

Her mother, wishing to teach her the lesson of self-sacrifice, said: "Very well, dear; if you would like

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to go without sugar for a week I'll give you the money instead, and then you will have some."

The little one considered solemnly for a moment and then said: "Must it be sugar, mamma?"

"Why, no, darling, not necessarily. What would you like to do without?"

"Soap, mamma," was Elsie's answer.—*Boston Transcript*.

290. GOING DOWN.—"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Gadgett, proudly, "we can trace our ancestors back to—to—well, I don't know exactly who, but we've been descending for centuries."—*Boston Transcript*.

291. THE EASY SEX.—"I wonder why it is a girl can't catch a ball like a man."

"Oh, a man is so much bigger and easier to catch."—*Baseball Magazine*.

292. UNIQUE.—The Lady: "I wonder why the artist has called this picture 'Home'?"

The Man: "Because there's no place like it, I should say."—*London Opinion*.

293. VANISHING ANCESTOR.—"How far do they trace their ancestry?"

"The grandfather, a City Bank director, was traced as far as China; there all traces were lost."—*London Opinion*.

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294. THE BIG GAMBLE.—Preacher (solemnly): “Rastus, do you take dis here woman for better or for worse?”

Rastus (from force of habit): “Pahson, ah shoots it all.”—*Bison*.

295. PROTRACTION IN EXTRACTION.—“What? Fifteen million marks to extract a tooth! I have to work an hour to earn that!”

“If you like, I will spend an hour in extracting the tooth!”—*Meggendorfer Blaetter (Munich)*.

296. AN AFRICAN ORDER.—In Paris they tell a story of a man who had been awarded, for some indirect service, the African Order of Labasksi-Tapo, the king of a certain country in Africa, with which the French had come much in contact. The Frenchman was greatly delighted and immediately went to a member of the ministry to obtain the necessary permission to wear the decoration of this foreign order.

The minister hemmed and hawed a little. “Do you know what the decoration consists of?” he asked.

“Certainly,” the gentleman answered. “It is a beautiful ring of gold, from which is suspended a calumet enameled in red. I demand the authorization to wear it.”

“Certainly you can wear it, but it must be worn, in order to be lawful, exactly as the members of the order in Africa wear it.”

“And how is that?”

“In the nose!”—*London Opinion*.

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297. THE RICH INDIAN.—A young Englishman, who had come over and secured a position in a Canadian bank, at the end of his first month said to the manager:

“I see local Indians are among our largest depositors.”

“Yes, we have some very nice accounts among our Indian citizens.”

The young clerk pointed to a box.

“I suppose I might as well get rid of that.”

“What does it contain?”

“Glass beads I brought over to trade to the Indians for furs.”—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

298. KIND BOY.—Affable Visitor: “Well, and do you do a good deed every day, Tommy?”

Tommy: “Yes, sir. Yesterday, I visited my aunt in the country, and she was glad. To-day, I came back home again, and she was glad again!”—*The Humorist (London)*.

299. ALL MADE CLEAR.—Teacher: “Johnny, what are the two genders?”

Johnny: “Masculine and feminine. The masculines are divided into temperate and intemperate and the feminine into frigid and torrid.”—*American Legion Weekly*.

300. “Elections and weddings always turn out the same.”

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“How is that?”

“The best man never gets the job.”

301. WHERE?—“How Can One Be Happy in Heaven if Relatives and Friends Should Be in Hell?” is the subject for to-night at the evangelistic services at the Mitchell Park Christian Church, Eleventh and Jackson Streets. Mr. Lunsford will sing, “I Want to Go There.”—*From a News Item in the St. Joseph News-Press.*

302. BASE CANARD?—The boy furrowed his brow over the examination question, “What is a Canard?” At last he wrote down his reply, “Something you canardly believe.” He still finds it painful to sit down!—*London Post.*

303. IT ALL DEPENDS.—The teacher had been trying to inculcate the principles of the Golden Rule and turn-the-other-cheek.

“Now, Tommy,” she asked, “what would you do supposing a boy struck you?”

“How big a boy are you supposing?” demanded Tommy.—*American Legion Weekly.*

304. VENGEANCE.—“When I’m a man—” began Robbie after a stormy interview with his father.

“What will you do?” asked his mother.

“I’ll name my boy after papa—and oh! how I’ll spank him!”—*The Progressive Grocer.*

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305. A BASIS FOR MIRTH.—

Our father slipped upon the ice,
Because he couldn't stand.

He saw the glorious stars and stripes;
We saw our father land.

—*Carnegie Puppet.*

306. Burglar: "H'lo, Mayme—they got me wit' th' goods, dearie, and I'll prob'ly get five years—don't wait breakfast."

307. WHERE SILENCE WAS BEST.—Well-meaning Stranger: "Perhaps I can help you—there are one or two things I can tell you about your make of car."

Motorist: "Well, keep them to yourself, there are ladies present."—*The London Bystander.*

308. TRUE CHIVALRY.—The genius of a certain Arkansas editor showed itself recently when he printed the following news item in the local columns of his paper:

"Miss Beulah Blank, a Batesville belle of twenty summers, is visiting her twin brother, age thirty-two."—*Arkansas Taxpayer.*

309. CONCEALING THE EVIDENCE.—Judge: "This man says that after he fired a shot he saw you run from his chicken-coop."

Rastus Johnsing: "He could easy be mistaken, jedge. Fast ez ah was runnin', it mought have been someone else what faintly resembles me."—*The American Legion Weekly.*

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310. SPREADING BEAUTY.—Tramp: “Would you please subscribe half-a-crown to my fund for beautifying the village?”

The Vicar: “But, my good man, how are you going to beautify the village?”

Tramp: “By moving on to the next village!”—*The Passing Show (London)*.

311. TOO HUMAN.—Bobby (Christmas morning): “Mummie, Santa Claus isn’t a very good man, is he?”

Mother: “Certainly he is, dear! Why not?”

Bobbie: “Well, he came into my room last night in the dark, and I’m almost sure I heard him say ‘Damn!’ ”—*London Humorist*.

312. QUICK CHANGE NEEDED.—Bobby: “Can’t I change my name to-day, ma?”

Mother: “What in the world do you want to change your name for?”

Bobby: “ ’Cause pa said he will whip me when he gets home, as sure as my name’s Robert.”—*Boston Transcript*.

313. IMPROVING HIS CHANCES.—Cashier: “I don’t believe, dear, that your father will consent to our marriage.”

Banker’s Daughter: “Oh, yes, he will, after he has examined your books. He will want to keep the money in the family.”—*Phoenix*.

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314. EDITORS UNDERSTAND.—Two persons were tried the same day by the same judge in a municipal court in Boston, according to the press. One of them was found guilty and fined for sounding his horn and the other for not sounding it. We understand this experience.—*The Baptist*.

315. OLDER AND WISER.—“When I was a young man, I worked twelve hours a day.”

Son: “I admire your youthful energy, dad, but I admire still more the mature wisdom which led you to stop it.”—*The Continent*.

316. ALSO LIKE A FISH.—Bella: “Dick’s awfully poetical. When I accepted him he said he felt like an immigrant entering a strange country.”

Donna: “Well, so he was!”

Bella: “An immigrant, why?”

Donna: “Wasn’t he just ‘landed?’ ”—*London Mail*.

317. LAWLESS PROCEEDING.—The teacher was giving the class a lecture on “gravity.”

“Now, children,” she said, “it is the law of gravity that keeps us on this earth.”

“But please, teacher,” inquired one small child, “how did we stick on before the law was passed?”—*The London Tattler*.

318. SOMEWHAT, BUT NOT QUITE.—A little fellow was learning from his aunt about Grant, Lee, and other famous leaders of the Civil War. “Is that the

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same Grant we pray to in church?" he inquired innocently.

"Pray to in church? You are mistaken, dear," said the aunt.

"No, I'm not," he insisted, "for during service we always say, 'Grant, we beseech Thee, to hear us.'"—*Boston Transcript*.

319. GREAT HEAD.—Mr. Gassam: "Yes, I suppose I can claim to be a financial success, and just think, I started business with a shoestring."

Miss Green: "Mercy! It's genius! A man who could get anybody to buy one shoestring couldn't help but succeed."—*Boston Transcript*.

320. Caller: "Is your mother engaged?"

Betty: "I think she's married."

321. "What is a waffle?"

"A waffle is a pancake with cleats."—*Stanford Chaparral*.

322. A wise man never blows his knows.—*New York Medley*.

323. LESS LIQUOR FOR LIZZ.—Garage Man: "How much d'you want?"

Driver: "A gallon."

Garage Man: "Wot's the idea—weanin' it?"—*Life*.

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324. GAME.—“Where are you going, old man?”

“On a hunting trip with some of the boys.”

“Big game, I suppose?”

“Fairly big—dollar limit.”

325. SUPPOSE HE'D PAID UP?—One day, not long since, a Baptist preacher of our State was out hunting. During the day a rainstorm came on. In order to keep dry he crawled into a hollow log. When the rain began to fall the log began to swell, until he could get neither way. He thought his end had come. He thought of all the wrongs he had done, and when he recalled that he had not sent a subscription to this paper this year he felt so small that he crawled right out of the log without difficulty. Does this story fit you?—*The Western Baptist (Winnipeg, Manitoba)*.

326. THE PROBLEM.—She was bidding her lover a fond farewell, for he was going on a prolonged business trip round the world.

Tearfully she clung to him and asked: “My dear Adolf, will you be true to me when you are far away? Promise me that you will write to me from every town you visit!”

And as he gathered her in his arms, he cried: “Oh, Ada, is it love that prompts you to say this? Ada, swear to me, do you really love me—or are you merely collecting foreign postage stamps?”—*Calgary Daily Herald*.

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327. WHAT IS YOUR DEALER'S VOLTAGE?—If your dealer cannot supply you, remit to us, giving his name and battery voltage and your order will be filled promptly.—*From an Ad. in the Saturday Evening Post.*

328. WILLING TO PLUNGE.—Her Mother: "John, I think Helen's voice should be cultivated, if it doesn't cost too much."

Her Father: "It can't cost too much if it will improve it any."—*Boston Transcript.*

329. GOOD IN EVERYTHING.—"But your mother is too old-fashioned, my dear. I'm afraid she'd be awfully shocked at our party."

"She expects to be; that's why she's dying to come."—*Life.*

330. THE LONGER THE HIGHER.—"Agnes is looking as young as ever."

"Yes, but she says it costs her more every year."—*Boston Transcript.*

331. HIS CITY OF REFUGE.—The train came to a grinding stop at a small town in the South, and the head of a gentleman of color protruded from a window at the end of a car. Seated by his side could be seen a brown-skinned maiden.

"Does yo' knows a cullud pusson by de name o' Jim Brown what lives here?" he asked of a station loungee.

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"Ain' nevah heered o' no Jim Brown hyah, an' ah lived in dis town fo' ten yeahs."

"Is yo' right suah dey ain't nevah been no Jim Brown aroun' hyah?"

"Positutely."

"Den," announced the arrival, reaching for a suitcase, "dis is whah his new son-in-law gits off."—*The Continent*.

332. BLOC-HEADS AT WORK.—"Organization Row End Seen by Bloc-Heads in Congress."—*Headline in the Washington Star*.

333. QUITE FUR.—"Oh, constable, I feel so funny."
"What's the matter, madam? Have you vertigo?"
"Oh, yes, constable, about two miles."—*Melbourne Punch*.

334. The moon . . . ah . . .
Two mortals . . . oh . . .
A kiss . . . ooh . . .
Matrimony . . . ouch . . .

335. CLEVER DEDUCTION.—"Say, ain't you de feller vat I met in Philadelphia?"

"Philadelphia? I ain't never been dere."

"Vell, neider have I. I guess it must have been two odder fellers."—*Colgate Banter*.

336. THE FREE-ER THE BRAVER.—"The rapidly increasing divorce rate," remarked the newcomer,

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“proves that America is fast becoming the land of the free.”

“Yes,” said his friend, “but the continuance of the marriage rates shows that it is still the home of the brave.”—*West Virginia Wesleyan Pharos*.

337. A TIME FOR GUIDANCE.—Careful reading of the news events of the day would seem to indicate that there are two kinds of likker, pre-war and post-mortem.—*Detroit News*.

338. SCRIPTURAL VEGETABLE.—Nancy, aged seven, is lunching with her mother in a restaurant.

Mother (helping herself to sauce): “You won’t like this, dear, it’s parsley sauce.”

Nancy: “Oh! let me have some, mummy. I know I should like it.”

Mother: “Why, you haven’t tasted it.”

Nancy: “No, but I’ve read about it in the Bible.”

Mother (surprised): “Where?”

Nancy: “I’ve been reading about the man who was sick of the parsley, and I want to try.”—*Brisbane Mail*.

339. IMPERATIVE.—“What’s the matter, old boy?” asked Jimmie’s friend. “I’ve never seen you looking so seedy.”

“I’ve got to go abroad at once,” remarked Jimmie, gloomily.

“Nonsense! These doctors mustn’t frighten you out of your life like that.”

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"It wasn't a doctor. It was a lawyer."—*Brisbane Mail*.

340. PREMATURE DRAMATICS.—The domestic row had been even more violent than usual.

"This is the last straw—the end!" stormed the enraged husband. "I'm going to leave you! Now! Forever!"

"You can't, dear," retorted his wife, suspiciously sweetly. "Your trousers haven't come back from the cleaner's."—*American Legion Weekly*.

341. SEEING SOCIETY.—"This bootlegging must be a good business. You're probably making a fortune."

"Aw, it ain't de coin what counts so much wit' me, lady. It's de people you meet."—*Life*.

342.—DESPERATE MEASURES.—In his announcement on a Sunday morning the vicar regretted that money was not coming in fast enough—but he was no pessimist.

"We have tried," he said, "to raise the necessary money in the usual manner. We have tried honestly. Now we are going to see what a bazaar can do."—*Savannah News*.

343. ALL SET.—Ethelred: "There's a certain question I've wanted to ask you for weeks."

Alfreda: "Well, get a move on; I've had the answer waiting for months."—*Sydney Bulletin*.

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344. PREPAREDNESS.—“So you have been married, before, Mrs. Smith?”

“Yus, ma’am, three times; and if it pleases ’eaven to take this one, I know where I can lay me ’ands on a fourth.”—*London Mail*.

345. HIS NOM DE GUERRE.—The man who is taking statistics for the new city directory approaches a movers’ home in the suburb. At the doorway stands a stout, determined-looking lady.

“Madam,” he says, “my call is official. I am compiling statistics on the inhabitants in this part of our city. Might I ask what your name is?”

“Duffy—Honorina Duffy.”

“And your husband’s name.”

“Naturally it’s the same as me own—Duffy.”

“I mean his full name.”

“Well, when he’s full he thinks it’s Jack Dempsey, but when I lay me hands on him it’s still Duffy.”—*The McNaught Syndicate*.

346. ALMOST TOO HARD.—“So your daughter’s married, I hear. I expect you found it very hard to part with her.”

“Hard! I should think so. Between you and me, my boy, I began to think it was impossible!”—*Alnwick Guardian*.

347. DESCRIBED TO A T.—“Can you give me a good description of your absconding cashier?” suavely asked the detective.

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"We-ell," answered the hotel proprietor, "I believe he's about five feet five inches tall and about seven thousand dollars short."—*American Legion Weekly*.

348. OR POTTED.—A shipwrecked mariner had just arrived on the cannibal island of Oompah, and was making some rather nervous inquiries.

"Was the last missionary you had here a good man?" he asked.

"Pretty good," replied the chief, picking his teeth reflectively, "but the last time I saw him, he was stewed."—*The American Legion Weekly*.

349. FROM X TO O.—A colored mammy came into the office of the estate for which she worked to receive her monthly wages. As she could not write, she always made her mark on the receipt—the usual cross. But on this occasion she made a circle.

"What's the matter, Linda?" the man in charge asked. "Why don't you make a cross as usual?"

"Why," Linda explained earnestly, "Ah done got married yesterday an' changed mah name."—*Dry Goods Economist*.

350. PREPAREDNESS.—He: "My dear, it's no use for you to look at those hats; I haven't more than a dollar in my pocket."

She: "You might have known when we came out that I'd want to buy a few things."

He: "I did."—*Boston Transcript*.

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351. **SECONDHAND WINS.**—A young physician was buying furniture for the equipment of his office. The salesman racked his brain to think of something else to sell him.

He had sold almost everything that was appropriate or necessary, when he had a happy thought.

"Oh, yes; I nearly forgot," he exclaimed. "You need a doormat."

"Not a new one," said the young doctor. "I'll get that at a secondhand store. A worn one will be a much better advertisement for me."—*Pittsburgh Sun*.

352. **SILENCE PLUS.**—Speaking of the Coolidge reserve, a reporter attempted an interview:

"Do you wish to say anything about prohibition?" was the first question.

"No."

"About the farm bloc?"

"No."

"About the World Court?"

"No."

The reporter turned to go.

"By the way," added Coolidge, unexpectedly calling him back, "don't quote me."—*Boston Globe*.

353. **THE SIGN OF FOOD.**—Diner: "But this menu is in French."

Waiter: "Quite so, sir, but the prices are in English, and that's all most of our customers read."—*Pearson's Weekly (London)*.

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354. NO EXCITEMENT.—“What’s all this noise about, you young rascal?”

“Well, Mary said if I kept on crying, a great big mouse with big green eyes would come and sit on the end of my bed, and I’ve kept on, but it hasn’t come yet!”—*London News*.

355. TOO CHEAP.—Bobby: “Mamma, did you buy me from the stork?”

Mamma: “Yes, dearie; why do you ask?”

Bobby: “Oh, I’ve often wondered why you didn’t pay a few more dollars and pick out a little boy without freckles.”—*Kansas City Star*.

356. KEEPING THEM ORTHODOX.—“Teachers in certain denominations,” says *The Christian Century*, “must sign up for a belief in a personal devil and a literal hell once a year if they wish to draw their pay.”—*The Christian Register (Boston)*.

357. SUPERSTITION.—“Are you superstitious?” the charming woman asked the brave young man, who pulled down his white waistcoat and said, “Rather not!” “Well,” said the charming woman, “I wish you’d take these Egyptian scarabs and keep them. They’ve brought me the most ghastly luck!” The brave young man took them.

* * *

He fell upstairs and sprained his ankle, his aunt died and he found he was cut out of her will, his car skidded into a lamp standard, nearly killing him, a

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burglar broke into his flat and stole five pounds, his golf clubs, and a bottle of whisky.

"Of course," cried the brave young man, "those damned scarabs!"

* * *

When he came home late he seemed to see ancient Egyptian figures lurking on the stairs. He was frightened to enter a dark room. He took the cursed scarabs to the British museum.

"These," said an expert, "are modern forgeries!"—*"Beachcomber," in London Express.*

358. DISAPPOINTINGLY HUMAN.—Small Boy (at dock): "Papa, those are not real sailors, are they?"

Papa: "Indeed they are. Why do you think they are not?"

"Why, I've been watching them for 'most an hour, an' I haven't seen one of them hitch his trousers an' stand on one leg an' say, 'Yo-ho, my hearties!' once."—*Pearson's Weekly (London).*

359. Teacher: "Now if I write 'n-e-w' on the black-board, what does that spell?"

Small Pupil: "New."

Teacher: "That's right. Now if I put a 'k' in front of it?"

Small Pupil: "Canoe."

360. VACUITY.—"What be thinkin' of, Janet?"

"Nothin' much."

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“Why worn’t ye thinkin’ of me?”

“I were.”—*Passing Show (London)*.

361. First Little Girl: “Do you believe there’s a devil?”

Second Ditto: “No! It’s like Santa Claus. It’s your father.”—*London Daily News*.

362. IT MIGHT SEEM SO.—Cynthia: “How is your husband?”

Dorothy: “I haven’t seen him for five years. I think I must have said something to annoy him.”—*London Mail*.

363. THE JOSHINGS OF LONG TUNG.—T’ien Kan, a disciple of Long Tung from the Province of Hoo, approached the sage, and spake:

“Most Worthy Long Tung, Master of a Thousand Profound Subtleties, tell me—is the magic span of life longer to him who hath married than to that crass mortal who seeketh his selfish way in single solitude?”

“No, my boy,” replied Long Tung, “but by the august floating rib of the Great Buddha, it hath every indication of seeming longer.”

* * *

“Long Tung,” said Wei So (also called the not-unamiable idiot), “I have by reason of my superior mentality bartered bronze for gold, yet my unsuspecting victim goeth his way rejoicing and blessing my posterity. Have you any elegant reason why I cannot perform this meritorious act indefinitely?”

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"Thou ivory-headed ape," Long Tung made answer. "Hearken! Thou canst cozen part of the inglorious multitude all of a million million to-morrows; thou canst impose thy guile upon all of it for considerably less a period: but—" And turning to Ah Poo and Un Hung, his favorite disciples, he waved a gracile fan in their direction.

"Thou canst not bedazzle the entire population over an unlimited cycle of winged years," concluded Ah Poo and Un Hung in unison, smiling with the fatuousness of their self-bestowed perfection.

* * *

"Long Tung," said the Mandarin Dum Eg of the Province of Cheng, "may I inquire into the identity of the gentlewoman in whose presence I, with these base eyes, observed you somewhere around the hour of the Black Dragon?"

"Know, Illustrious," replied Long Tung, "that gentlewoman in whose presence you deigned to notice my scarcely condign person at the hour of the Black Dragon was not a gentlewoman; she, and may I permit a discreet blush to cover my unseemly countenance, was your favorite spouse."—*H. W. H.*

364. HEAT HERE AND THERE.—"A specialty of Florence, Italy, is doughnuts fried on the sidewalk."—*Paul Popenoe, in Good Health, quoted by The Literary Digest.*

"Some hot, Mr. Popenoe. It gets so hot here in summer we have to feed the chickens cracked ice to

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keep them from laying hard-boiled eggs, but Florence takes the bun.

“Yours for cooler weather,
“D. Reid, Globe, Arizona.”

365. HEAVENLY TWINS.—“Well, Pat, do the twins make much noise nights?”

“Praise be to hivin! Shure each wan cries so loud yez can’t hear the ither wan.”—*Boston Transcript*.

366. WOMANKIND IN THE MAKING.—“How long before she’ll make her appearance?”

“She’s upstairs making it now.”—*Royal Gaboon*.

367. ONE WAY OUT.—An Englishwoman member of Parliament, Mrs. Wintringham, tells a story concerning a man at a Coalition meeting who applauded heartily the speaker of the evening for the better part of an hour. Then suddenly he started interrupting. “What did Mr. Asquith say in 1910?” he demanded in strident tones. “Shut up! Chuck him out!” cried the audience, angrily. But the interrupter, nothing daunted, continued to ask loudly, over and over again, what Mr. Asquith had said in 1910. Eventually two stalwart stewards removed the offender. The following morning two fellow townsmen, friends of his, sought him out and asked for an explanation of his strange behavior. “We thought you were a Coalitionist.” “So I am!” he replied. “Then what on earth made you interrupt a Coalitionist meeting?” asked one of his friends. “Well,” came the reply, “I’d a

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terrific thirst on me and I was so wedged in that I couldn't move, and as it was getting so dangerously close to closing time, I had to jolly well get thrown out or go without a drink."—*Vancouver Daily Province*.

368. FRENCH VERSION.—An African explorer was holding forth in the middle of an attentive circle of admirers.

"In one of the villages in the heart of the dark continent," said he, "one may buy a wife for the average price of twenty-five francs."

"What an abomination!" cried one lady.

"So it is," replied her husband. "Even there they have been hit by the high cost of living."—*Sans-Gêne (Paris)*.

369. ANANIAS UP-TO-DATE.—The man who got London on the radio last night is the same fellow who formerly bragged about getting forty miles on a gallon of gas, who broke one hundred on his first round of golf, who makes good on his Wall Street tips, and who files a correct income-tax return.

370. RECKLESS OF HIM.—First Cannibal: "The chief has hay fever."

Second Cannibal: "Serves him right; we warned him not to eat the grass widow."—*Awgwan*.

371. TOO SOON.—Hall Boy: "De man in room seben has done hang hisself!"

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Hotel Clerk: "Hanged himself? Did you cut him down?"

Hall Boy: "No, sah! He ain't dead yet!"—*Life*.

372. NOBODY WINS.—"Marriage is a great game, isn't it?"

"Yes; but it always results in a tie!"—*The Yale Record*.

373. GOVERNMENT PERSONALS.—Orlando Noluck went to the poorhouse to-day. Formerly one of our leading millionaires, Mr. Noluck has been appearing daily before a Congressional investigating committee for the last four years, being the first cousin of the wife of a man who is reported to have carried a suitcase figuring prominently in the probe. Upon returning to our city, Mr. Noluck found that the State had confiscated his property for non-payment of taxes.

* * *

Lem Simpkins made a mistake of thirty-three cents in his income tax three years ago and the Government has just put twenty more investigators on the job.

* * *

The movement to nationalize labor is said to be rapidly gaining ground, there now being $2\frac{1}{4}$ Government employees to every taxpayer.

* * *

One hundred and fifty additional Government inspectors arrived to-day in connection with the Sam Brown case. The Government claims Mr. Brown

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failed to pay for ten cents' worth of stamps at the local post office twelve years ago last Christmas rush.

* * *

Art Judd drove across the State line with a can of home-made soup for a sick friend yesterday without telegraphing the Interstate Commerce Commission and is expecting to leave for the Federal pen at any minute.

—*From the Anytown Daily News.*

374. ONE AT A TIME.—Many ministers could, from personal experience, tell of strange names bestowed upon infants at their baptism, but few could equal the following story recently told by the Bishop of Sodor and Man. A mother who was on the lookout for a good name for her child saw on the door of a building the word "Nosmo." It attracted her, and she decided that she would adopt it. Some time later, passing the same building, she saw the name "King" on another door. She thought the two would sound well together, and so the boy was baptized "Nosmo King Smith." On her way home from the church where the baptism had taken place she passed the building again. The two doors on which she had seen the names were now closed together, and what she read was not "Nosmo King," but "No Smoking."—*The Argonaut (San Francisco).*

375. CHECKING HIM UP.—A distinguished astronomer tells of a visit paid by several young Western women to his observatory. "I had done my best," said

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he, "to answer with credit the running fire of questions which my fair callers propounded. I think I had named even the remotest constellations for them, and was congratulating myself upon the outcome, when one of the younger members of the party interjected:

" 'But, as it has never been proved that stars are inhabited, how do the astronomers ever find out their names?' "—*The Continent (Chicago)*.

376. THE RANDOM SHOT.—

I shot an arrow into the air;
It fell in the distance, I knew not where,
Till a neighbor said that it killed his calf
And I had to pay him 6 and $\frac{1}{2}$.
I bought some poison to slay some rats,
And a neighbor swore it killed his cats,
And rather than argue across the fence,
I paid him four dollars and 50 cents.
One night I set sailing a toy balloon,
And hoped it would soar till it reached the
moon,
But the candle fell on a farmer's straw,
And he said I must settle or go to law.
And that is the way with the random shot—
It never hits in the proper spot,
And the joke you sprung, that you think so
smart,
May leave a wound in some fellow's heart.

Hamline Oracle.

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377. CREDITORS TO THE RESCUE.—“I understand that some of your creditors are pressing you.”

“I arranged that,” answered Senator Sorghum. “In this era of investigation I want it made perfectly clear that I haven’t more than enough money for my current expenses.”—*Washington Star*.

378. WORSE.—“The only thing for you to do is to go around and ask her to forgive you.”

“But I was in the right.”

“Then you’d better take some flowers and candy with you, too.”—*Mugwump*.

379. PURELY MEDICAL REASONS.—“Now, tell us about it—why *did* you steal the purse?”

“Your Honor, I won’t deceive you—I was ill and thought the change might do me good.”—*Sydney Bulletin*.

380. FATHER’S SYSTEM.—Master: “What would your father pay if he owed the baker three pounds seven, the butcher four pounds nine and fivepence, the milkman—”

Boy: “Nothink, sir; ’e’d move.”—*The Passing Show (London)*.

381. HOW TO GET WARM.—Sell fire insurance. Value a man’s store at twice what it is worth. Sleep over store until warm.

* * *

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Smoke a cigaret in bed. Doze off and leave cigaret
alight. It keeps the home fires burning.

* * *

Enter phone booth. Give central wrong number.
She may get you right one. Laugh until warm.

* * *

Pay all your bills at once. Make a huge bonfire
with the check stubs. Even the neighbors can get
warm.

* * *

Throw rocks at a policeman. He will make things
hot for you.—*Life*.

382. HIS FAILING.—A Southern Negro minister
who was given to the use of big words and com-
plicated discourse was waited upon by the church
committee and told that his style of preaching was
not all that could be desired.

“Don’t I argify and sputify?” inquired the minister.

“Yes, yo’ done argify and sputify,” responded a
member of the committee, “but yo’ don’t show
wherein.”—*Boston Transcript*.

383. THE CHIEF WORRY.—Headlight Bill was a
colored gentleman of sporting proclivities, who had
got his name from a large diamond which he wore as a
stud. He had occasion to consult a doctor about a
“misery” in his chest.

The medical man eyed the stud keenly. This made
Headlight somewhat uneasy.

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After asking a number of questions, the doctor produced a stethoscope and placed it squarely over the stud. Finishing his examination, the doctor looked solemn. So did the patient.

"Ain't it genuwine, doctah?" asked Headlight.—*Pittsburgh Sun*.

384. THE RIGHT SPIRIT.—"Do you think the new sheriff can stop gambling in Crimson Gulch?"

"Shouldn't be surprised," answered Cactus Joe. "First thing he did was to bet \$500 he could."—*Washington Star*.

385. NOTE THIS, GIRLS.—"Well, Art, I can tell you're a married man all right. No holes in your stockings any more."

"No. One of the first things my wife taught me was how to darn 'em."—*American Legion Weekly*.

386. ONE OF MANY.—"Do you play golf?"

"No, but I can't give it up."—*London Mail*.

387. THE MYSTERY.—Elizabeth came to school one day in a state of suppressed excitement. Going straight to the teacher's desk, she exclaimed exultantly:

"I've got a new little sister!"

"How very nice," replied the teacher.

"Yes," said Elizabeth, "but this is only a half-sister."

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“Why, that doesn’t make any difference, does it?”

“No, but I never can understand where the other half is.”—*Harper’s Magazine*.

388. UNRECOGNIZED.—“Supposing I decide to let you have the money, how do I know that I shall get it back at the time you mention?”

“I promise it on the word of a gentleman.”

“Ah, in that case I may consider it. Come around this evening and bring him with you.”—*The Sydney Bulletin*.

389. A MODERN SPINSTER.—He: “There she goes in her new car. I always envy Lily.”

She: “Well, I suppose she was called that because, though she doesn’t toil much, she certainly does a lot of spinning.”—*London Mail*.

390. SHOCKS FOR SHUCKS.—For Sale—Cheap, for cash—one farm electric-lighting outfit. Will take part in corn—in shuck, not bottles; I want you to be “lit up,” not me.—*Classified Ad in the Athens (Georgia) Banner*.

391. SUSPICIOUS.—She: “Isn’t it a nuisance, dear? Mother sent me a recipe for some wonderful floor polish, but I’ve mislaid it.”

He (tasting soup suspiciously): “Are you sure you mislaid it, darling?”—*The Passing Show (London)*.

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392. BREAKING THE NEWS.—A Scotchman woke up one morning to find that in the night his wife had passed away. He leaped from his bed and ran horror-stricken into the hall.

"Mary," he called downstairs to the general servant in the kitchen, "come to the foot of the stairs, quick!"

"Yes, yes," she cried, "what is it? What is it?"

"Boil only one egg for breakfast this morning!" he said.—*Bison*.

393. IT MIGHT BE WORSE.—Vers Librist: "Alas! I fear I haven't written anything that will live."

Friend: "Cheer up! Be thankful you are alive in spite of what you've written."—*Boston Transcript*.

394. NOT SO NEW —The traveler had returned to his native village after being abroad for twenty years. He stopped as he saw a little boy with a small baby coming down the road.

"Ah! a new face, I see!"

"No, it isn't, sir," replied the boy, looking at the baby. "It's just been washed, that's all!"—*Western Christian Advocate (Cincinnati)*.

395. STRANGE, STRANGE!—This is veracious: A clergyman from Cambridge, Massachusetts, had occasion to preach to the inmates of an insane hospital. During his sermon he noticed that one of the patients paid the closest attention, his eyes riveted upon the

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preacher's face, his body bent eagerly forward. Such interest was most flattering. After the service, the speaker noticed that the man spoke to the superintendent, so as soon as possible the preacher inquired:

"Didn't that man speak to you about my sermon?"

"Yes."

"Would you mind telling me what he said?"

The superintendent tried to sidestep, but the preacher insisted.

"Well, he said at last, 'what the man said was, 'Just think, he's out and I'm in.'"—*The Christian Register (Boston)*.

396. REAL DEVOTION.—Hubby: "I see that Stoneham, who died the other day, left his wife half a million. How would you like to be his widow?"

Wifey: "Now, you know I would rather be yours, dear."—*Western Christian Advocate (Cincinnati)*.

397. Judge: "Is there any reason why this young lady shouldn't testify concerning your character, disposition, past behavior, reliability—"

Prisoner: "Lord, yes, your Honor! She used to be my wife."

398. CHALK ON THE FARM.—By means of a new apparatus a hen is able to chalk up her output of eggs. The cow's output of milk, of course is chalked up by the dairyman.—*The Passing Show (London)*.

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399. FOLLOWED DIRECTIONS.—“Why did you steal the pearl necklace from the jeweler’s shop window?”

“Because it had on it ‘Avail yourself of this splendid opportunity,’ and I couldn’t resist it!”—*Buen Humor (Madrid)*.

400. “How is it,” asked an Englishman of an American friend, “that the Yankees get on well in business, while many Englishmen fail?”

“Brains, my boy!” was the reply. “You should eat more fish. Give me five dollars and I’ll get you some of the fish that my wife gets for me. Eat it and see how you get on.”

The Englishman parted with his five dollars and the fish was sent to him. Next day he met the Yank again. “How did you get on?” the Yankee asked.

“Well, it was splendid fish!”

“Do you feel any different?”

“No, I can’t say I feel any different,” said the Englishman, “but five dollars was a lot for a piece of fish, wasn’t it?”

“There you are!” said the Yank. “Your brain is beginning to work already!”

401. Some years ago the water in one of our biggest cities used to become unfit to bathe in, let alone to drink, after even the mildest kind of storm. Everybody complained. One man complained to an incorrigible optimist.

“Oh, I took a good long bath,” said the optimist, “when the water is like that it is the best thing in the

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world to bathe in. So medicinal, you know. Better than Homburg or Marienbad or any of those places."

"But it's so muddy," said the other.

"That's just the point," resumed the other. "It's medicinal mud, full of all sorts of phosphates and things. To-night when you get home fill your bath, jump in and splash about; and afterward just stand before the radiator and let the water dry on your body. Then brush it off with a whisk broom."

402. "Ah, ha!" screamed the irate wife, as she burst into her husband's private office. "I catch you patting your stenographer on the cheek, do I?"

"You do, my dear," replied the husband, thinking rapidly. "I lost my temper just a moment ago and swore in this young woman's presence. She's a nice girl, and I'm trying to keep her from crying."

403. Rastus: "Ah suttinly is glad to see yo' out of dat horspittle, Sam. What done happen to yo' in dar?"

Sambo: "Ah done had mah bones X-rayed."

"An' ah bets a five-spot dey was loaded."

404. A small Negro boy went to a physician to be treated for a painful sensation in one of his ears. Upon examination, the ear was found to be full of water.

"How did it happen?" he was asked after his ear had been drained. "Been going in swimming?"

"Naw, suh," said the little fellow, "been eatin' watermelon!"

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405. Friend: "I suppose you receive more money now for your stories than you did while at college?"

Successful Author: "Well, I wouldn't say that. My dad used to come across handsomely for some of the hard-luck tales I sent him!"

406. It was a dark night and the motorist was lost. Presently he saw a sign on a post. With great difficulty he climbed the post, struck a match and read, "Wet Paint."

407. If your wife laughs at your joke, you can be sure that it's either a darn good joke, or you got a darn good wife.

408. A great gathering of churchmen had been in session in the city of Denver for about ten days, and the porter in one of the hotels made this remark to a traveling man who had inquired as to the convention.

"Yassuh, boss," the darky commented, "dis bunch of preachers is sure different from most folks wat comes to Denver for conventions. Dey blew into dis town with a copy of de ten commandments in one pocket and a ten-dollah bill in the other, and we porters don't believe that dey have broken either of them yet."

409. "Yis! 'Tis always yourself what's wore out in the evenin'."

"How about me slavin' and scrubbin' the live-long day in a hot kitchen lookin' after a passel of

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childer what's enuf to drive th' saints t' drink, while you're diggin' around in a nice cool sewer?"

410. HOW IT HAPPENED.—I met my old friend Brown yesterday. He and his wife used to run a sanatorium for women—women with plenty of money and nothing to do, who had been doing nothing for so long that their nerves had got ragged and they fancied they had everything in the world the matter with them. Brown and his wife were making a fortune out of the place when I saw them last and the women not getting much better but having a fine time all talking at once telling each other how bad they felt.

But Brown looked pretty glum yesterday, and after we had shaken hands I asked him how the sanatorium was getting along.

"Had to close it," he replied gloomily. "You know how women are always starting some fad and how the rest will all jump over the fence and follow it like a flock of sheep? Well, one dog-gone old girl started working one day—making clothes for the poor and needy—and working hard, too! And with that *all* the women starts a-working, making clothes for the poor and needy—working from morning to night. And pretty soon every blamed one of them forgot all about their nerves and realized they didn't really have anything the matter with them—and left—and I had to close the place down!"

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411. Mr. Gayboy: "I'll not be home to dinner this evening. Important business, you know."

Wife: "Say, I don't object to your giving your stenographer a treat once in a while, but I'd rather you wouldn't make a business of it."

412. She: "Who's that fraternity brother of yours from Chicago?"

He: "You mean Smith?"

"No."

"Brown?"

"No."

"Brown?"

"I said 'no.' "

"Well, there's two Browns. I thought it might be the other one."—*Brown Jug.*

413. Black: I'm going on my annual vacation next week."

White: "But you went on a long trip a month ago!"

"A trip is something you take with your wife—a vacation is when you go alone."

414. When Jay Cooke, the noted financier of Civil War days, was a young man, he was sent, in company with an associate, to Illinois to look up some legal matters pertaining to real estate, and they were advised to consult a rising young lawyer named Abraham Lincoln.

Arriving in Springfield, the young men repaired to the office of Mr. Lincoln and spread their business

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before him at some length. After hearing them through, during which time he spoke never a word, Mr. Lincoln said: "Before this parrot talks he must first know where the cracker comes from."

415. The pay-day dance down to Scratch Cat Canyon last night was a big success. The evening was spent with black jack, post office, corn likker and brass knuckles. Between fights the guests danced and a good time was had by all.

416. Boss: "Sir, what does this mean? Someone just called up and said that you were sick and could not come to work to-day."

Clerk: "Ha, ha! The joke's on him. He wasn't supposed to call up until to-morrow."—*Missouri Showme*.

417. "Cheer up, Ethel, your new beau may not be good-looking, but remember, 'Beauty is only skin deep.'"

"Then he must have been skinned at birth."

418. "Did you hear about the man who ran over himself—"

"Gracious, no!"

"—when he couldn't get anyone else to run across the street!"—*Denison Flamingo*.

419. "Oh, George, you broke my lavalliere."

"Heavens, Marie, lay down on the table, quick, and thank God I studied chiropractic."

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420. Henry had been tardy at school, and this was the excuse he handed in:

"miss Mackentire please Exkuse henry for Being late he was Kep out on the acct. of Sikness in the Fambly yours Respect Jess Rogers."

"Henry," said the teacher, after she had read it, "I have serious doubts about the genuineness of this It looks very suspicious."

"I know it, ma'am," he replied, sniffing. "I told paw I could write it a heap better'n he could, but he just would do it."

421. THE TAKING GIRL.—

She took my hand in sheltered nooks,
She took my candy and my books.
She took that lustrous wrap of fur,
She took those gloves I bought for her.
She took my words of love and care,
She took my flowers, rich and rare,
She took my ring with tender smile,
She took my time for quite a while,
She took my kisses, maid so shy—
She took, I must confess, my eye.
She took whatever I would buy,
And then she took another guy.

422. YES, YES!—He: "There is an awful rumbling in my stomach—like a cart going over a cobblestone street."

She: "It's probably that truck you ate for dinner."—
Hygeia.

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423.—SHE DO EAT, DEACON.—Deacon Johnson: “D’ yo’ tink yo’ could support mah daughter ef yo’ married her?”

Ed. Black: “Suttingly.”

Deacon: “Hab yo’ ebber seen her eat?”

Ed.: “Suttingly.”

Deacon: “Hab yo’ ebber seen her eat when nobody was watchin’ her?”—*Exchange.*

424. CAN’T BE BOTHERED.—The professor was deeply absorbed in some scientific subject when the nurse announced the arrival of a boy.

“What—who?” stammered the professor absently. “Why interrupt me—isn’t my wife at home?”—*Orange Judd Farmer.*

425. The Vicar: “When I look at this congregation I ask myself, ‘Where are the poor?’ And when I look at the collection I say, ‘Where are the rich?’”—*London Opinion.*

426. Traveler: “Where can I leave this suitcase?”

Hotel Clerk: “Sorry, sir; but the ice box is full.”—*Lehigh Burr.*

427. Everything was wrong in the class of elocution. The teacher was discouraged, and he urged his pupils, in some excitement, to put more expression into their recitations.

“Too flat!” he exclaimed. “Too colorless! You can do better than that. Try again. Now! Open your mouth and throw yourself into it!”

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428. Absent-minded Professor Psmith had left his berth in the sleeper to find a drink of ice water and was hopelessly lost in the middle of the aisle. It was about midnight and the train was speeding through the country.

"Don't you remember the number of your berth?" asked the conductor.

"I'm—er—afraid not," was the reply.

"Well, haven't you any idea where it was?"

"Why, uh—oh, yes, to be sure." The professor brightened perceptibly. "I did notice at one time this afternoon that the windows looked out upon a little lake!"

429. A motorist, John Henry Hatch,
Examined his tank with a match—
Though deploring his fate,
We are glad to relate—
The insurance was paid with dispatch.

430. "Look, daddy," said a little six-year-old, "I pulled this cornstalk right up all by myself."

"My, but you are strong!" said his father.

"I guess I am, daddy. The whole world had hold of the other end of it."—*Boston Transcript*.

431. Miss F.: "Who is that you just bowed to?"

Miss B.: "Oh, she's our next-door neighbor!"

"But she didn't return your bow?"

"No, she never returns anything."—*London Opinion*.

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432. Husband: "Promise me that at my funeral you will ride right behind my body."

Wife: "All right, then, if I must, but it will take all the pleasure out of the day for me."—*Punch Bowl*.

433. He: "If I stole a kiss would you scream for your parents?"

She: "Not unless you wanted to kiss the whole family."

434. A BUSY LINE.—Modern inventions play an important part in our everyday life. A telephone, for example, is an innocent-looking tool, yet it causes many complicated situations.

Friend wife was visiting her mother and dear "hubby" was endeavoring to survive as best he could. Each evening by means of the telephone they learned the good or bad news of the day. On a certain eventful evening during the course of the conversation the wife inquired of her devoted mate as to his actions of the present moment. Being a truthful chap, our hero replied that, if the truth was demanded, he was washing his B. V. D.'s. At this juncture Central sung out in an awe-inspiring voice, "I'm ringing them for you!" Whereupon the family cat turned a back somersault and another divorce case was in the offing.
—*Tiger*.

435. PERFECT RESEMBLANCE.—Wife (waxing philosophical): "Just to think, John! First, utter drabness, then the working of the sap and finally the

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gorgeous tree—splendid in its multitude of gold and crimson gowns! How like our lives!”

Fed-up Husband: “How like, indeed, my dear! You the gorgeous tree and me the sap!”—*The Daily Province (Vancouver, B. C.)*.

436. The minister’s call was nearly finished, when he remarked with emphasis, “It is deeds, not words, that count.”

“Oh, I don’t know,” responded his hostess, “did you ever send a telegram?”

437. ’TIS BETTER THUS.—Burroughs: “I asked you for a loan of ten dollars. This is only five.”

Lenders: “I know it is, but that’s the fairest way—you lose five and I lose five.”—*Denver Post*.

438. Native: “Sahib, I saw a lot of tiger tracks about a mile north of here—big ones, too.”

Hunter: “Good! Which way is south?”—*London Tit-Bits*.

439. It was a miserable night and the motorist was suffering from the misfortune of a broken-down car. Making his way on foot to a solitary light in the distance, which turned out to be a small farm, he announced his arrival by leaning over the fence and shouting, “Hello! Hello!”

The bedroom window was thrust open and a surly voice ejaculated, “Naa, then?”

“Can I stay here for the night?” said the motorist.

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“Ay, an’ termorra anawl if tha wants,” replied the farmer, slamming down the window.—*London Weekly Telegraph*.

440. Wife: “Darling, cook’s burned the bacon; you’ll have to be content with a kiss for breakfast.”

Husband (occupied): “All right, bring her in.”

441. “There goes Mormon Smith on a honeymoon with his latest wife.”

“But why is he taking one of the others along?”

“He believes in always carrying a spare.”

442. TO THE WORLD AT LARGE.—

Who pens a verse that moves men’s hearts

Is blessed, so they say.

And likewise he who sings a song

That drives dull care away.

But blessed more by far is he,

Be business good or ill,

Who writes his name upon a check

And thereby pays his bill.

443. PERMANENT.—

Of lonely bachelordom

He grew exceedingly weary;

Life was a passing of days,

Each one of them woefully dreary.

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He fell for the charms of his cook,
For she was one swell little looker;
Their wedding took place yesterday,
And now she's his fireless cooker.
—*Edgar Daniel Kramer.*

444. Marcel: "Do you know, Charlie, chorus girls have a hard time?"

Claude: "Yes, they have to bare a great deal."—*Penn. Bunch Bowl.*

445. Daniels, a man of thirty-two and graduate of three colleges, had had considerable difficulty holding a position of any kind, although he had tried half a dozen or more. One day, however, the president of a large corporation called at Daniels' home and offered him a position at a salary of \$5,000, with advancement assured if he made good. After staying with the concern for three years, he dashed into the president's office one day, very angry indeed, and bawled out: "Say, Chief, what's the joke, anyway? I've been with this company for three whole years, my salary has been advanced consistently until I now receive \$12,000 a year, but not one single suggestion of mine have you adopted."

"That's just the point," replied the boss, "when we are in doubt as to the safest course to pursue, we call you in, get your advice, and then do just the reverse of what you say, and during the past three years we have made lots of money."

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446. Miss Antique: "You ought to get married, Mr. Oldchapp.

Mr. Oldchapp (earnestly): "I have wished many times lately that I had a wife."

"Have you, really?"

"Yes. If I had a wife, she'd probably have a sewing machine, and the sewing machine would have an oil can, and I could take it and oil my office door. It squeaks horribly."—*London Tit-Bits*.

447. The Lady: "How much money has my husband got in the bank?"

Bank Official: "We are not permitted to tell you that, madame."

"But I thought that's what you were here for. Aren't you the teller?"

448. "I don't quite trust you, Jimmy! If I married you, I believe you'd lead a double life."

"Sure! I'm tired of a single one."—*London Mail*.

449. "I wish," said the little invalid who was being washed in bed, "that I need never, never have to be washed again."

"I'm afraid," said mamma gently, "that as long as you have me to take care of you, you'll have to reconcile yourself to be washed thoroughly every day."

The invalid pondered for a moment.

"Then," said she, "I shall marry very early."—*Los Angeles Times*.

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450. The Chief: "H'm, late again, Smith!"

Smith: "I'm sorry, sir, but last night my wife presented me with a boy."

"She'd have done better to have presented you with an alarm clock."

"I rather fancy she has, sir."—*Passing Show* (London).

451. Vicar: "What would happen if you were to break one of the Ten Commandments?"

Willie: "Well, then there would be nine."—*London Tit-Bits*.

452. Prof.: "Why are you late for class this morning?"

Stude.: "Well, a sign down here—"

"Well, what has a sign got to do with it?"

"The sign said: 'School Ahead; Go Slow.'"—*Pitt Panther*.

453. "Yo' husband ain't up as early as usual?"

"Lawd, chile, he seldom is!"

454. Before you start going around with a married woman, be sure you can go two rounds with her husband.—*Georgia Yellow Jacket*.

455. "Officer, catch that man running there. He tried to kiss me!"

"'S'all right, miss. There'll be another along in a minute."—*C. C. N. Y. Mercury*.

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456. "My boy, at your age I was up at six in the morning with the lark."

"We fellows don't care to keep a lark going that long."

457. Frosh: "Say, Grant, the bill collector is downstairs."

Senior: "Tell him to take that pile on my desk."—*Hamilton Royal Gaboon.*

458. When ice cream grows on macaroni trees,

And Sahara's sands grow muddy;

When cats and dogs wear B. V. D.'s,

That's the time I'd like to study.

—*Williams Purple Cow.*

459. Tom: "I never felt so punk in my life."

Jerry: "Do any drinking last night?"

"Yea, and when I went to bed I felt fine. But when I woke up I felt terribly. It was the sleep that did it!"
—*Virginia Reel.*

460. A prominent attorney for a mammoth corporation had been bitten by the political bug and was making his first race for Congress. He had just finished a particularly effusive address before a large country audience and was receiving the usual congratulations. Among those who came up to him was an old farmer who had heard political speeches for fifty years.

"Son," said the farmer, "that was a good speech

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up till the last sentence, but if ye don't retract that last sentence ye'll sure get beat."

"Why, what was the matter with it?"

"Well, ye said if elected ye'd be true to yer Trust, an' that's just what a lot of us has been afraid of."

461. Daughter: "Mother, is kissing dangerous?"

Mother: "Yes, daughter. I got your father that way."—*Texas Ranger*.

462. "What makes Mignon so popular?"

"Oh, when a man calls, she asks him a riddle and keeps him in the dark the rest of the evening."—*Virginia Reel*.

463. Doctor Cobb: "The geologist thinks in terms of centuries."

Stude.: "My God, and I loaned that laboratory instructor ten berries."—*Carolina Boll Weevil*.

464. "You may not remember me, sir, but two years ago, at the shore, I rescued your daughter from a watery grave and you made me a present of \$1,000."

"Yes, indeed, young man, I recall you perfectly. What can I do for you?"

"I merely dropped in to inquire whether she had learned to swim yet."—*Chicago Journal*.

465. Professor (in lunch room): "Do you serve any cheese with apple pie?"

Waiter: "Yes, sir; we serve anyone here."—*New York Mercury*.

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466. "What does Coyote Charlie mean by going around barefoot in all kinds of weather?"

"He's kind o' scared an' superstitious," replied Cactus Joe. "A fortune teller sized him up for a regular bad man an' tried to flatter him by telling him he would die with his boots on."—*Washington Star*.

467. "I wisht I was a little rock
A-settin' on a hill;
A-doin' nothin' all day long
But jest a-settin' still.
I wouldn't eat, I wouldn't drink,
I wouldn't even wash,
I'd set and set a thousand years,
And rest myself, by gosh!"
—*Nebraska Awgwan*.

468. "Oh, Mr. Jones," said Miss Dash the other day. "I saw an advertisement saying that you could furnish your home by soap premiums. Every time you buy a piece of soap you get a furniture certificate. I am going to be married, and do you think I could get all my house furniture that way?"

"Why, yes, Miss Dash," replied Mr. Jones. "I had a friend who got all the furniture for a six-room house that way. The company only had to send him furniture for one room, *the other five rooms were full of soap.*"

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469. Fore!

(The lady on the green paid no attention.)

Fore!

(Ditto.)

Three ninety-eight.

(She moved).—*Colorado Dodo*.

470. Madge: "So there was a flaw in that diamond engagement ring he gave you?"

Marjorie: "Yes, dear; but the flaw was in the title. The piker had only the first installment paid on it."

471. "Is it possible," gasped the indignant parent, "that you would dishonor my name on the boards of a theater?"

"But, father," returned the stage-struck youth. "I would take an assumed name."

"Indeed! And supposing you were to succeed, much credit I should get if no one knew I was your father."—*London Tatler*.

472. Mr. Gaylad: "You say that you are worried? That your wife hasn't written to you since she started on her vacation?"

Mr. Steppout: "Yes, I am worried. She may drop in at any time."

473. Higgs: "Why so tired to-day?"

Biggs: "Exercising last night up at the Mutes' Ball swinging dumb belles."

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474. Tommy, the diminutive office boy, had worked hard on a "salary" of five dollars a week. He was a subdued little chap, faithful and quiet. Finally, however, he plucked up courage to ask for an increase.

"How much more would you like?" inquired his employer.

"Well," answered Tommy, "I don't think that three dollars a week more would be too much."

"You are rather a small boy to be earning eight dollars a week."

"I suppose I am," said Tommy, "I know I am small for my age, but to tell the truth, since I've been working here I've been so busy I haven't had time to grow."

He got the raise. _____

475. "You can depend on a youngster to stump you with some unexpected question," said Robert Edeson, the popular actor. "Take this case, for instance: The superintendent of a Sunday school repeated to the children the text, 'Arise, and take the young child and its mother, and flee into Egypt.' "

Then the superintendent showed a large picture illustrating this text in bright colors.

"Isn't this picture fine?" he asked. "Here is the mother. Here is the child. There's Egypt in the distance. Isn't it fine?"

The children, however, looked disappointed, and finally a little boy piped out, "Teacher, where's the flea?"

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476. "When you're driving your car, how many miles do you go on a gallon?"

"Haven't figured it out. I never take more than a small flask."

477. "Mary had a little lamb,
Her father shot it dead;
Now Mary carries it to school
Between two hunks of bread."

—*Lafayette Lyre.*

478. Rastus Jackson, a thoroughly married darky, was one day approached by a life-insurance agent.

"Better let me write you a policy, Rastus," suggested the agent.

"No, *sah*," declared Rastus emphatically. "Ah ain't any too safe at home as it is!"

479. Mae: "How did Dave happen to drive his car into the fence?"

Tina: "He was trying to advance his spark with both hands."—*Oregon Lemon Punch.*

480. Binks had driven into a "female foursome" which was looking for a lost ball. As soon as his ball had come to rest on the fairway the lady who had lost hers immediately spotted it and prepared to swing.

"Beg your pardon," shouted Binks, "but isn't that my ball?"

The lady looked back at him disdainfully and again prepared to swing.

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"Hey," he cried running up to her, "that's my ball you're shooting!"

She looked up icily.

"I should think," she said, "that instead of interrupting my shot you would at least attempt to find my ball—after I'd found yours!"

481. A colored woman, who cooked for a white family but returned to her own numerous progeny at night, had just come home from her place of work and was extracting sundry parcels from various parts of her dress when a neighbor dropped in for a sociable chat.

The latter, after watching the process of extraction for some time, finally remarked: "Your new mistus must be mighty generous. You all got enough food there to last your family a week."

"Yes," replied the other complacently, "I does pretty well, what with what Missus Preston lets me have and what God gives me."

482. First Tourist: "This is Smithers' Corners."

Second Tourist: "You say this is Smithers' Corners?"

"Lord, no! That was Smithers' Corners. This is Dumbville."

483. The Young Wife: "The new nurse is very scientific. She never lets anyone kiss the baby while she is around."

The Husband: "Who would?"

And the next day the nurse left.—*Princeton Tiger*.

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484. "Here, Bill, try one of these cigars my uncle sent me from Cuba. He knows the ropes down there."

485. WHY, OF COURSE.—"With all due deference, my boy, I really think our English custom at the telephone is better than saying 'Hello!' as you do."

"What do you say in England?"

"We say: 'Are you there?' Then, of course, if you are not there, there is no use in going on with the conversation."—*The Continent (Chicago)*.

486. UNREASONABLE.—A noted financier was taken seriously ill at ninety years old and felt that his end was near.

"Nonsense," said the doctor, "the Lord isn't going to take you until you've passed the 100 mark."

"No, my friend," said the aged banker, "that wouldn't be good finance. Why should the Lord wait until I reach par when He can pick me up at 90?"—*Business Magazine*.

487. SOMETHING LIKE THAT.—They had been having a little quarrel and she turned to him with tears in her eyes.

"Well, John, even though I have been extravagant, I got a bargain to-day."

"Yes, I'll bet it was a bargain! You have no idea of the value of money. I suppose you got something for nothing."

"Well, I got a birthday present for you."—*The Continent*.

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488. ALL A MISTAKE.—“What are you so indignant about?”

“They fined me for selling whisky,” replied the bootlegger, “when it wasn’t whisky at all.”—*Life*.

489. WAITING FOR INFORMATION.—Tourist: “To what do you attribute your great age?”

Oldest Inhabitant: “I can’t say yet, sir. There be several o’ them patent medicine companies bargaining wi’ me.”—*Passing Show (London)*.

490. THE TIME ELEMENT.—When James A. Garfield was president of Hiram College, a man brought up his son to be entered as a student. He wanted the boy to take a course shorter than the regular one.

“My son can never take all those studies,” said the father. “He wants to get through more quickly. Can’t you arrange it for him?”

“Oh, yes,” said Mr. Garfield. “He can take a short course; it all depends on what you want to make of him. When God wants to make an oak, He takes a hundred years, but He takes only two months to make a squash.”—*The Christian Register*.

491. PUTTING ON THE BRAKES.—A Negro preacher was preaching a rousing sermon for the purpose of getting a big collection. In his remarks he cried, “Bruddern, dis church am got to walk.”

“Let ’er walk, brudder; let ’er walk,” came in unctuous tones from the amen corner.

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Warmed by this encouragement the preacher yelled, "Dis church am got to run."

"Let 'er run, let 'er run," was the enthusiastic assent from the front seat.

"Dis church am got to fly, brudders; dis church am got to fly."

This eloquence brought from the seat of honor the hilarious response, "Let 'er fly."

"And," continued the preacher, "it am gwine ter take money to make dis church fly."

Then from the amen corner came the low, mournful words, "Jest let 'er walk, brudder; jest let 'er walk."—*Christian Advocate*.

492. First Man: "What kind of leather makes the best shoes?"

Second Man: "I don't know, but banana skins make the best slippers."—*Iowa Green Gander*.

493. He: "May I call you revenge?"

She: "Why?"

"Because 'revenge is sweet.' "

"Certainly, if you will let me call you vengeance."

"And why call me vengeance?"

"Because 'vengeance is mine.' "—*Michigan Gargoyle*.

494. THE HIGHER THE LOWER.—Uncle Ted: "An' 'ow are you gettin' along at school now, Ted? What are yer learnin'?"

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Ted: "Not too bad, Uncle. I'm learning reading, writing, sums, and things. Oh, yes, and religion, too."

Uncle Ted: "Gracious! Religion?"

Ted: "Yes, but different from Joe's. I'm taught that we all come from Adam. Joe's in a higher class, and he's taught we all come from monkeys."—*Sydney Bulletin*.

495. APPEARANCES ARE DECEIVING.—"She'd look better without so much powder and rouge on."

"Yes. She isn't so bad as she's painted."—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

496. RECALLING THE PAST.—"What are you reading there?"

"A handbook on golf, published some years ago," answered Mr. Jagsby.

"You seem interested. I didn't know you played the game."

"I don't. There are six full-page advertisements of Scotch whisky in the back of this book."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

497. COLD AND DISTANT.—"Pretty girl behind this soda-water fountain."

"So she is, but nevertheless, I miss the sympathetic bartender. The fact that I have a hard-luck story to tell means nothing whatever in her young life."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

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498. TOOK EXPERIENCE.—Mayor Rolph of San Francisco was questioning the wisdom of a too strict prohibition.

"I believe," he said, "that the tendency of the times is expressed by a conversation I overheard between two farmers who were in town seeing the sights. Said one:

" 'I reckon these here city folks are going to have a hard time when all the booze is gone.'"

" 'Yep,' agreed the other, 'for it takes years to learn which medicines have got the most kick!' "—*Los Angeles Times*.

499. FUNERAL, AS WELL—"I wish some flowers sent out to one of the hospitals."

"Just so," said the florist. "What kind, now?"

"Something suitable for a gentleman who has not yet recovered from a hair- tonic jag."

"Ah! In that case lilies would be proper. They suggest purity and peace. By this time he must be in a chastened frame of mind."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

500. VAGRANT THOUGHT.—"Many a man," said Uncle Bill Bottletop, "now sings about the old oaken bucket when he is really thinking about a little old tin pail."—*Washington Star*.

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501. THE COMPLEAT UMPIRE.—

To be an Umpire, one should be
A man of rare veracity.

A gump who so far falls for truth,
He'd ruthless call a strike on Ruth.

A gink who scorns the hooting mob,
Who only thinks to do his job.

A man of two-ply leather skin,
Of rubber dome and iron shin,

With temper mild, a voice like thunder—
An eagle eye that cannot blunder.

To be an Umpire, one should be
A man of proper piety.

At night an Ump should say his prayers,
Lest he be taken unawares.

Should snatch a page, while time is flying,
From "*Holy Living—Holy Dying.*"

At morn his Umpire suit should don,
His somber uniform put on.

Prepared alway for pop-eyed ferment—
All arrayed for prompt interment.

—Cyril B. Egan.

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502. A sufferer who lives close to a railroad yard in a suburb wrote the railroad company complaining about the racket made by a switch engine.

“Gentlemen: Why is it that your switch engine has to ding and dong and fizz and spit and clang and bang and hiss and bell and wail and pant and rant and howl and yowl and grate and grind and puff and bump and cleck and clank and chug and moan and hoot and toot and crash and grunt and gasp and groan and whistle and wheeze and squawk and blow and jar and jerk and rasp and jingle and twang and clack and rumble and jangle and ring and chatter and clatter and yelp and howl and hum and snarl and puff and growl and thump and boom and clash and jolt and jostle and shake and screech and snort and snarl and slam and throb and crink and quiver and rumble and roar and rattle and yell and smoke and smell and shriek all night long?

503. Edith: “John was the goal of my ambitions—but—”

May: “But what?”

Edith: “Father kicked the goal.”

504. “Niggah, I’s e goin’ to back you up ’gainst ’at wall; I’s e goin’ to mash yo’ nose all ova yo’ face; I’s e goin’ to push dose teeth down yo’ throat and black both yo’ eyes—et cetera.”

“Black man, you don’t mean et cetera; you mean vice versa.”—*Notre Dame Juggler*.

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505. One rainy evening a tourist in Central Arkansas stopped at the Smithville garage to inquire about the condition of the road to Punkton, which was not hard-surfaced.

"Couldn't say," drawled the garage man in response to the stranger's question.

"Do you know anybody who might know about it?" asked the tourist.

"There's a feller that works here what would," answered the native after a brief pause.

"Can I see him?"

"Wal," replied the garage man slowly, "ye'll have to wait awhile. He got stuck in the mud on that road this mornin' an' he ain't out yit."

506. It was at the end of the trial, resulting in conviction of an oil promoter, who was caught in the net of the postal authorities' investigation of oil frauds recently in Fort Worth Texas.

The judge asked the defendant if he had anything to say or to request.

"Your Honor," said the promoter, "would it be possible to choose or select my place of confinement?"

"What difference would it make?" said the judge, "you are goin to be away for two years, anyway."

"I should rather be sent to the Atlanta prison than the one at Leavenworth," responded the promoter, "because the warden at Leavenworth bought 2,000 shares of my stock."

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507. It was midnight in the army camp, and the sentry was nervously pacing his post.

"Who comes there?" he suddenly barked, as footsteps crackled through the dry leaves. "Friend or foe?"

"Bootlegger," replied a voice guardedly.

"Advance—friend and foe."

508. TOO MUCH.—"I say, y' know, all these bills are dated months before we were married."

"Yes, darling, I know they are."

"Well, it's a bit thick to expect me to pay for the bait I was caught with."—*The Passing Show (London)*.

509. Andrew Carnegie on one occasion was asked which he considered the most important factor in industry—labor, capital, or brains?"

Carnegie quickly replied, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "Which is the most important leg of a three-legged stool?"

510. He: This storm will probably put out the lights? Are you afraid?"

She: "Not if you take that pipe out of your mouth."

511. The very small boy, with a penny clutched in his hot and sticky hand, entered the toy shop and, standing on tiptoe, inspected the goods displayed therein. After a long look he did not see anything to satisfy and asked to see some other things.

Nothing seemed to please him, however, and at

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last the shopkeeper lost his patience and said rather sharply:

“Look here, my lad, do you want to buy the whole world with your penny?”

The prospective purchaser thought deeply for a moment and then replied:

“Let’s see it.”—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph*.

512. Of Sabbath breaking north of the Tweed there are many stories, and an American who has spent a bit of his time there adds one concerning a Scot and his wheelbarrow.

Donald was hammering away at the bottom of his barrow when his wife came to the door.

“Mon,” she exclaimed, “you’re making muckle clatter. What will the neebours say?”

“Never mind the neebours,” replied the busy one “I maun get ma bara mendit.”

“Oh, but Donald, it’s vera wrang to wark on Sabbath!” expostulated the wife. “Ye ought to use screws.”

513. “What do you think of Allstein’s compositions?”

“I think they will be played after Beethoven, Schubert, Wagner, and all others are forgotten.”

“Indeed?”

“Yes—but not before.”—*Kasper (Stozkholm)*.

514. Mary’s Beau (waiting for her to come downstairs): “Is Mary your oldest sister?”

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Kid Brother: "Yep."

"And who comes after her?"

"You and two other guys."—*Lehigh Burr.*

515. The silver-tongued orator was declaiming before the Hicksville veterans. His speech was replete with glowing but ancient metaphors and colorful references to the flag.

"How proudly she waves over this beautiful camp ground," shouted the speaker. "But she ought to wave over other lands, too. Why doesn't she wave over Kataganzu, Lollapalooza, the Islands of Bazazza? Why—"

"Perhaps," interrupted a small voice from the rear, "they aren't getting as much wind as we are on this camp ground."

516. A provincial man's reminiscence of an address made to some budding juveniles in the city by a member of the board of trustees:

"My youthful friends," remarked the speaker, "let me urge upon you the necessity of not only reading good books, but also of owning them, so that you may have access to them at all times.

"Why, do you know, when I was a young man I used frequently to work all night to earn money in order to purchase books and then get up before daylight to read them."—*London Telegraph.*

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517. I woke to look upon a face
Silent, white, and cold,
Oh, friend, the agony I felt
Can never half be told.
We'd lived together but a year,
Too soon, it seemed, to see
Those gentle hands outstretched and still,
That toiled so hard for me.
My waking thoughts had been of one
Who now to sleep had dropped,
'Twas hard to realize, oh, friend,
My Ingersoll had stopped.

—*Toronto Goblin.*

518. For eighteen months two colored doughboys had been fighting, neither having heard from home. Two days before the Armistice was signed Sam entered the dugout forlorn and dejected.

"Heah, ah got a letter says my gal done went and got herself married. That's what ah calls tough luck."

Rastus just looked up, and with tears, which he could no longer control, streaming down his cheeks, mumbled, "Man, dat ain't no hard luck. Ah just got a letter from my district board telling me I'm exempt."

519. EFFICIENCY.—The corporation president rang for his secretary, who appeared instantly. "Take a letter," he rumbled:

"'L. S. Brown, District Superintendent, Felton Melding and Iron Works, Pittsburgh:

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“In behalf of the Felton Melding and Iron Works, I want to congratulate you, and those under your able leadership, upon the maximum production of boilers turned out at our Pittsburgh plant in the past month.

“Success depends upon the efforts of each individual. Each should participate in gratification at the results attained.

“W. W. FLINT,
“*President.*”

“Now take this personal letter to the district superintendent:

“L. S. Brown, District Superintendent, Felton:

“Having reached maximum production of boilers at Pittsburgh plant, lay off fifty men beginning first of month.

“With renewed congratulations,

“W. W. FLINT,
“*President.*”

520. THE RIGHT TYPE.—“Your credentials are satisfactory,” said a manufacturer to a youth who was applying for a situation as a clerk. “Have you a grandmother?”

“No, sir.”

“Any dear old aunt?”

“No, sir.”

“Or any other relatives who might die during the 1924 baseball season?”

“No, sir.”

“You’ll do. Come in to-morrow for work.”

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521. THE UNCOVERED WAGON.—Oklahoma Automobile Agent (after lengthy explanations to Osage chief): “Now I’ve gone over this car thoroughly with you; I’ve shown you every cam and shaft, and I’d like to have your order. But is there still anything you don’t understand; any questions you would like to ask?”

Chief: “Yes, what makes it go?”—*Oklahoma Whirlwind.*

522. SWAMPBOGG ITEMS.—John Bimm courted his girl so much over the telephone the other day that Aunt Emmy Shanks, who is on the same party line, let her whole dinner burn up.

One of Si Bimm’s kids went to the grocery for a pound of brown sugar yesterday. When he got home he had a pound and a half, having spilled it in the road on the way home.

Ez Strakatt says he’s going to have the law on those slick swindlers at the carnival. Ez, who is six-foot-eight, paid a quarter to see the giant, who is six-foot-seven.

Jim Brown says he’s tired of getting up every morning and washing the dog tracks off his face. He says he’ll either have to lock the dogs out of the house or quit whistling in his sleep.

Joe Nelson’s barn burned to the ground one day last week. The insurance was only partially covered by the barn, Joe admits.

A home-talent performance of The Comedy of

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Errors was given over at Hogtown this week. Shakspeare furnished the comedy and the home talent the errors.—*Barrie Payne, in Saturday Evening Post.*

523. FOR THE BOOK OF ETIQUETTE.—“Tact,” said the lecturer, “is essential to good entertaining. I once dined at a house where the hostess had no tact. Opposite me was a modest, quiet man.

“Suddenly he turned as red as a lobster on hearing his hostess say to her husband: ‘How inattentive you are, Charlie! You must look after Mr. Brown better. He’s helping himself to everything.’”—*London Tit-Bits*

524. IT IS ALL IN THE POINT OF VIEW.—A mother sent her two little girls to play in a beautiful garden. Soon one child ran back crying. “Oh! Mother, mother,” she moaned, “all the roses have thorns.” By and by the other child came dancing in, radiant. “Oh! Mother, mother,” she cried, “all the thorns have beautiful roses.”

525. HOME READING.—MRS. BROWN: “I should like to buy a book that will keep my husband at home for a few evenings.”

Book Clerk: “Yes, ma’am. Asleep or awake?”

526. TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT IT.—

’Twixt the optimist and the pessimist
The difference is droll;
The optimist sees the doughnut
While the pessimist sees the hole.

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527. LONG TIME ON THE ROAD.—He (during the interval): “What did you say your age was?”

She (smartly): “Well, I didn’t say; but I’ve just reached twenty-one.”

“Is that so? What detained you?”—*London Answers.*

528. MIXED DIRECTIONS.—First Freshman (putting up pictures): “I can’t find a single pin. Where do they all go to, anyway?”

Second Freshman: “It’s hard to tell, because they’re pointed in one direction and headed in another.”—*Congregationalist.*

529. THE OTHER WAY ROUND.—“Was your landlady indignant when you asked her for another month’s rent?”

“On the contrary, old man, it was I who was put out.”—*Chaparral.*

530. Rastus: “What you-all got such a big pocket-book fo’?”

Sam: “Dat’s to encourage me.”

531. Fresh.: “Say, prof., how long could I live without brains?”

Prof.: “That remains to be seen.”

532.—HANDY CLEANER.—Muriel had been to the Zoo for the first time, and she was giving Granny a long account of what she had seen.

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"And which animal did you like best, dear?" asked Granny, when Muriel had finished.

"Oh, the elephant!" was the reply. "It was wonderful to see him pick up buns with his vacuum cleaner!"

533. BELIEVE IT OR NOT.—It was the dear old lady's first ride in a taxi, and she watched with growing alarm the driver continually putting his hand outside the car as a signal to the traffic following. At last she became angry. "Young man," she said, "you look after the driving, and watch where you are going. I'll tell you when it starts raining."

534. "Speaking of the present condition of Europe," said Bernard Baruch at a recent dinner in Washington, "it reminds me of a story told about a young friend of mine.

"This boy, aged 'half-past five,' has a father who is an ardent radio fan. The father was telling his little son about the wonder of radio. 'I was working the apparatus last night, Robert,' said his father, 'and I got San Francisco—think of it, *San Francisco!*'

"That's nothing," replied Robert with a mischievous smile, 'I just stuck my head out of the window last night and got Chile.'

"It is perhaps unnecessary to add," concluded Mr. Baruch, "that the boy's mother laughed heartily."—*Henry William Hanemann.*

535. ANECDOTES OF GREAT MEN ("One" on Henry): Henry Ford was once showing George Bernard Shaw,

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the great playwright, over his extensive factory. Finally they stopped to permit a long line of "lizzies" to run into the shipping department under their own power.

"Henry," asked Shaw, "do you know what time it is?"

"Twelve-fourteen," replied Mr. Ford after consultation with the simple dollar-watch which is his constant companion.

"It is no twelve-fourteen," replied Shaw with a twinkle in his eye and with that delightful Hibernian brogue of his. "Shure"—indicating the procession of "flivvers"—"it's tin afther tin!"

536. THE FUNDAMENTALS.—A little Connecticut boy who had an impediment of speech was once asked by a visiting bishop, who was something of a pulpit orator, how he would like to be a preacher.

"I-I w-w-w-would l-l-like to d-d-do the p-p-pound-ing and the h-h-hollering," he replied, "but the s-s-speaking w-w-would b-b-bother me s-s-some."—*New York Telegram and Mail.*

537. SOLVING THE PROBLEM.—Twelve-year-old Jimmy finally reached what threatened to be his limit of expansion, when dessert was served. Jimmy stared but found the solution. He reached for his belt buckle and on the tide of a long-drawn sigh exclaimed, "Guess I'll have to move the decimal point two places."

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538. She: "Why don't you use some of your German marks to light your cigarettes?"

He: "Can't. They're not legal tinder in this country."—*Pitt Panther*.

539. Native: "Why don't you try a worm?"

Unsuccessful Dry-Fly Specialist: "Worms! My good man, you and I don't speak the same language."

Native: "I guess that's right, but the fish seem to understand me better."

540. Restaurant Manager: "Business is rotten. We've simply got to have another raid right away."

Prohibition Director: "Sorry, my friend, but we're all booked up for this week. How would next Tuesday evening suit you—say about nine o'clock?"

541. WANT ON, WANT EVER.—"No, Herbert, I am sorry; but I am sure we could not be happy together. You know I always want my own way in everything."

"But, my dear girl, you could go on wanting it after we were married."—*Boston Globe*.

542. BORN TO TROUBLE.—A man is but a worm of the dust—he comes along, wiggles about a while and finally some chicken gets him.—*Dry Goods Economist*.

543. THE HITCH.—"I thought you told me Papyrus would win in a walk."

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"And so he would have, but this was a running race."—*Yale Record*.

544. UNREPENTANT.—Wife: "Your Honor, he broke every dish in the house over my head, and treated me cruelly."

Judge: "Did your husband apologize or express regret for his actions?"

Wife: "No, Your Honor; the ambulance driver took him away before he could speak to me."—*United Noise*.

545. FINE BOARD.—"Kate, the hash was very much like sawdust this morning."

"I know it, sir. The missus said to use all that was left of the planked steak."—*Judge*.

546. TWO MINDS WITH A SINGLE THOUGHT.—"It's a shame," cried the young wife, "not a thing in the house fit to eat. I'm going straight home to mamma."

"If you don't mind, dear," said the husband, reaching for his hat, "I'll go with you."—*Pathfinder*.

547. THE HIGHER THE FEWER.—Conversation between husbands when wages for wives take effect:

"What do you pay your wife?"

"A hundred dollars a month, but you've no idea how hard it is to keep a good one."—*Spokane Spokesman-Review*.

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548. LITERALLY TRUE.—Hyman: "At least once in my life I was glad to be down and out."

Lowe: "And when was that?"

"After my first trip in an airplane."—*Yorkshire Post*.

549. THE WEIGHT OF TRADITION.—"Checking out?" said the Floridian hotel clerk. "I'll have your bill for you in a minute." He wrote down the room rent. I winced.

"Beautiful country, ain't it?" he asked.

"Lovely," I said. "I hope it sounded convincing."

"Great place," he continued, adding down an extra amount for iced water.

"Nothing like it," I volunteered, hopefully. He put down the amount due for telephone calls.

"Rich in tradition," he said. "Historical as all get-out. You had some laundry done, didn't you?" he asked.

"I did," I said. He put *that* down.

"Spaniards all over the place once," he remarked, and wrote down more expenses for stationery. "They knew a good thing when they saw it."

"I'll bet they did," I assented weakly.

He added a few more items and totaled the column. "Here you are, sir," he said and gave me my bill. My eyeballs rolled, but I hunted down my check-book and made out the check. "Here you are," said I, with false gaiety.

He waved the check gracefully in the air to dry it. "To think," he mused, "there was once pirates all

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over this place. Probably in the exact spot where we are standing right now," he said.

"Very likely so," I agreed.

"You know," said this sentimental clerk, wagging a penholder impressively at me, "sometimes I seem to feel their very spirits hanging around this desk."—*H. W. H.*

550. ANSWERED.—*The New York Tribune* recently devoted a leading article to Miss Megan Lloyd George, who during her recent visit expressed her bewilderment with regard to the correct reply to the national American greeting, "Pleased to meet you." . . . There *is* a reply; and I think an aged Duke of Beaufort invented it. An American gripped the duke warmly by the hand and said, "Pleased to meet you."

"And so you damn well ought to be," replied the aged peer crisply.—"*Beachcomber*," in *London Express*.

551. "Young man, can I get into the park through this gate?"

"Guess so, lady. I just saw a load of hay go through."—*West Point Pointer*.

552. FALSE SCENT.—"H-s-s-t!"

"Who's there?"

"I have some whisk "

(*Sound of sliding bolts, squeaking locks, and opening of heavy doors.*)

"brooms that—"

(*Sound of scuffling feet and the crash of glass.*)

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553. SCANDAL.—An American brings back this story of a Cockney scandal.

"Did you notice," asked one lady of another, in the region round about Bow Bells, "that Mrs. 'Awkins 'ad a black eye?"

"Did I not?" was the answer. "And 'er 'usband not out of prison for another week. I don't call it respectable, I don't."—*Harper's*.

554. PRECISION.—From a small schoolgirl's essay on "My Family":

"In my family there are three of us, my father, mother, and me. I am the youngest."—*London Daily News*.

555. AS BAD AS THAT?—For Sale or Trade—Dodge touring car in good condition for cattle or hogs.—*Classified Ad. in the Livingston (Montana) Enterprise*.

556. COMPLETE BUSINESS OUTFIT.—First-class hound dog, meat rack, sausage cooking pot (37 gal.). Apply to 525 S. Fifth St.—"*For Sale*" *Ad. in the Camden Post-Telegram*.

557. LOQUACIOUS NAG.—They tell of a young married artist in Washington Square who has a predilection for talking in his sleep. Several times recently he mentioned the name "Irene," and his spouse questioned him about it.

"Oh, that," said he, thinking fast, "is the name of a horse."

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Several days later, when he came home, he asked his wife the news of the day: "Nothing exciting happened," she said, "except your horse called you up twice."—*Shoe Works Journal*

558. IN THE LINE OF BUSINESS.—The banker sat in his private office flushed but smiling after a long conference with a promoter, who was just about to leave him. The promoter felt happy and triumphant, but, being a promoter, he didn't show it.

"I want to thank you for helping me to float this company," he said to the banker, "and as a little souvenir of my appreciation I am having a ten-cylinder 1924 Super-Buono limousine sent up here to you at noon."

And away went the promoter to carry the good news to the members of the syndicate he was representing.

"How did you get on?" they asked.

"I put it over all right," replied the promoter, "but it will cost you boys \$15,000 extra for expenses."

"All right," said the syndicate, and \$20,000 extra common stock was authorized to be issued to the public by way of reimbursement.

The head of the purchasing department in the office recommended a friend to engrave the certificates. The friend added five per cent to his regular price and gave $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent to his friend, the head of the purchasing department.

And:

That very day the banker met the promoter at

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lunch. At the conclusion of the meal the banker paid the check and handed fifty cents to the waiter. As the waiter shuffled off, the banker remarked to the promoter: "Isn't this tipping business getting fierce?" To which the promoter replied: "You bet."—*P. W.*

559. Fair Patient: "Oh, doctor, what do you recommend for a tired, fagged-out brain?"

Doctor: "Well, fish is a great brain food."

Patient: "What kind of fish?"

Doctor: "Why, for you, a couple of whales might be about right to start with."—*Brown Jug.*

560. Two fleas were talking in the zoo.

"Join me in a game of golf," said one.

"Where?" said the other.

"Over on the Lynx," said the first.—*Minnesota Ski-U-Mah.*

561. "Did you ever hear about the man who drank gasoline for hootch?"

"No."

"Now, instead of hicking, he honks."

"Ah, auto-intoxication!"—*Wisconsin Octopus.*

562. "Didn't you hear about it?"

"No."

"But it happened in your neighborhood."

"I know—but my wife's been away."—*Pearson's Weekly.*

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563. He (after a long argument): "So you see, dear, you misjudged in saying that I was making love to that other girl just because we were out on the porch."

She: "All right. I believe you. Now wipe that eyebrow off your cheek and we'll go home.—*Notre Dame Juggler.*

564. PRE-WAR STUFF.—He was a very naïve bootlegger. He was also very insistent regarding the authenticity and origin of his wares.

"Yes, sir," he promised a prospective customer. "We get it over the line from Canada, and that's why it ain't like this synthetic stuff you get nowadays in refilled fake bottles.

"It'll cost you three dollars a bottle, and," he added in a lower voice, "I'll give you fifty cents back for every bottle you return."—*New York Sun.*

565. Small Boy (to stranger): "Did you lose a dollar this morning?"

Stranger: "Why, yes, I believe I have. Have you found one?"

"No; I just wanted to find out how many have been lost this morning. Yours makes ninety-six."—*Washington Cougar's Paw.*

566. McNutt: "Just burned a hundred-dollar bill."

McMutt: Gosh! You must be a millionaire!"

"Well, it's easier to burn 'em than to pay 'em."—*Toronto Goblin.*

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567. MUTUAL UNDERSTANDING.—A jury at Howell failed to convict a boy on a charge of stealing a dog. A boy never steals a dog, of course. They just grin and go away together.—*E. C. A., in Detroit News.*

568. COMPLETE EQUIPMENT.—Wanted—An Experienced Aviator to train me to handle plane. State terms in first letter. I furnish plane, field, and fool. B. G. Tharington, Creek, N. C.—*Want Ad. in the Raleigh (North Carolina) News and Observer.*

569. Frosh: “Waiter, I ordered an egg sandwich and you brought me a chicken sandwich.”

Waiter: “Yes, sir; I was a little late calling for your order.”—*Pittsburgh Pitt Panther.*

570. WASTE.—In a little backwoods town an itinerant salesman, undeterred by the extreme poverty-stricken appearance of one house, tried to sell the head of the family a certain article. He got the reply:

“Say, I only spent one dime in all my life for foolishness. An’ that was for a pair of socks.”—*American Legion Weekly.*

571. DUTIFUL AND HAPPY.—She: “Would you kiss me even if I told you not to?”

He: “I sure would.”

“Oh, goody! Then I can mind mamma.”

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572. "My angel, I wish you wouldn't paint!"

"Did you ever see an angel who wasn't painted?"—
Williams' Purple Cow.

573. Wife: "You seem worried, dear. Did anything go wrong at the bank to-day?"

Bank President: "Yes, the cashier."

574. WRITE, AT THAT.—Jim: "Poor old Bobbins. He spent six months writing his alleged drama and then it was turned down by the producers."

Jam: "All work and no play, eh?"—*Ohio State Sun Dial.*

575. Mrs. Gossippe: "Have you had much experience as a maid?"

Applicant: "I was with the Smiths for six months before they separated."

"I think you'll suit me nicely. Now bring a chair up and tell me all about it!"

576.—Canvasser: "Does your husband play golf?"

Lady: "Yes."

"Then, I'm sure, you will be interested in this set of thirty-eight volumes I am selling; it will help you to while away many a lonely hour."

577. "My dear, where did your wonderful string of pearls come from? You don't mind my asking, do you?"

"Certainly not! They came from oysters."—
Paris Regiment.

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578. "Do you ever talk in your sleep?"

"No, I talk in other people's sleep."

"How's that?"

"I'm a minister."—*Utah Humbug.*

579. Mrs. MacTavish (during radio church service): "Why are ye removen' the ear phones, Sandy?"

Sandy: "They're takin' up the collection now."

580. OLD WAY BEST.—Griggs: "What do you think of electrocution?"

Irascible Old Gentleman: "Hanging was good enough for my ancestors and it is good enough for me!"

581. Peter: "I'm writing a song."

Paul: "Yes? What's the subject matter?"

Peter: "It doesn't."—*Cornell Widow.*

582. "Wonderful, isn't it, the number of automobiles one sees?"

"Yes, and mighty fortunate."

583. "I want a day off to look for a job for the missis."

"Will you be back to-morrow?"

"Yus, if she don't get it."

584. He (to fair stranger): "Pardon me, miss, but do you speak Swiss?"

She: "No, indeed. Why?"

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"Neither do I. Let's get acquainted. That's one thing we already have in common!"—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

585. He (attempting to start car): "This darned self-starter won't work! There is a short-circuit somewhere."

She: "Well, why don't you lengthen it, dear?"—*Utah Humbug.*

586.—

Once upon a midnight dreary, as I pondered, weak
and weary,

Over an income tax report, its puzzling lore
Made me sleepy, I was napping, suddenly there came
a tapping,

And a raven came in flapping, flapping through my
chamber door.

"Ah, a visitor," I muttered and the grim bird sternly
uttered

These words as it slowly fluttered, fluttered to a bust
of Volstead

Just above my chamber door—these three words
and nothing more—

Quoth the raven, "Write some more."

587. "Mamma," exclaimed Mary, bursting into
the room, "they're teaching domestic silence at school
now."

"You mean domestic science, dear," corrected her
mother.

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"Perhaps," interposed father mildly, "the little darling means what she says."—*London Tit-Bits*.

588. IN THE COURSE OF EVENTS.—"If you refuse me," he swore, "I shall die."

She refused him.

Sixty years later he died.

589.—"How nem congussmen git all 'at oil offen deir cloes, Rastus?"

"I spects dey sends 'em to one nem whitewash laundries."

590. ELEVATOR BLUES.—"Peeved?" queried the elevator boy. "I cannot express it in quite that vernacular, but it is indeed disconcerting to be called up—and then to be called down."—*Wisconsin Octopus*.

591. Woman: "Do you charge for children?"

Conductor: "Under five, we do not."

"Well, I have only three."—*London Answers*.

592. Our old friend, the absent-minded professor, was about to leave for his daily grind. At the door he was struck by a sudden thought.

"My dear," he asked, "do you know what has become of my hat?"

"Why, it's right on your head," answered his long-suffering spouse.

"Oh, never mind, then. I'll look for it when I return home."

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593. TOO EXPERT!—Flubb: “So you let your old bookkeeper go. What was the trouble—couldn’t he balance his accounts?”

Dubb: “I’ll say he could. So well that he was beginning to juggle them!”

594. He (before leaving for college): “I could hold your hand forever. I’d like to put it in my pocket and take it back with me.”

She (sweetly): Don’t worry, dear. It’ll be in your pocket enough after we’re married.”—*Rutgers Chanticleer*.

595. “Save me—oh, save me!”

Excited Irishman: “ ’Tis as deep as th’ divil there—could you just swim over a little to the one side!”

596. SHERLOCK JONES—Jones: “I wonder where the stepladder is.”

Mrs. Jones: “Willie had it last.”

Jones: “Then it’s probably in the pantry.”—*Boston Transcript*.

597. WHAT’S IN A NAME?—A National City man went to see a doctor.

“Doc,” said he, “if there is anything the matter with me, don’t frighten me half to death by giving it a scientific name. Just tell me what it is in plain English.”

“Well,” said the doctor, “to be frank with you, you are just plain lazy.”

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"Thank you, doctor," sighed the patient, with relief. "Now give me a scientific name for it, so I can go home and tell the missus."—*San Diego Union*.

598. NOT SO DENSE.—"I think that children are not as observing as they should be," said the inspector to the teacher.

"I hadn't noticed it," replied the teacher.

"Well, I'll prove it to you;" and turning to the class the inspector said:

"Someone give me a number."

"Thirty-seven," said a little boy eagerly.

The inspector wrote 73 on the board, and nothing was said.

"Will someone else give me a number?"

"Fifty-two," said another lad.

The inspector wrote down 25 on the board, and smiled at the teacher. He called for another number, and young Jack called out:

"Seventy-seven; now see if you can change that."—*Public Opinion (London)*.

599.—AND NOTHING HAPPENED.—Nurse: "Do you know what happens to little girls who tell fibs?"

Betty: "Ho! You can't scare me. I've already told three fibs in my lifetime."

600. SOLVING THE PROBLEM.—A young salesman had embezzled from his kind-hearted employer a considerable sum of money and had lost every cent of it

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on the races. He was apprehended, and the boss didn't know just what to do about it.

"Keep him on the job and deduct what he owes you from his pay," counseled an adviser.

"But," wailed the victim, "the amount is too large. He could never make it up that way. His wages are too small."

The other ruminated for a moment. Then his face cleared.

"Well, then, raise his salary," he suggested.—*American Legion Weekly*.

601. Judge: "Are you trying to show contempt for the court?"

Prisoner: "No, I am trying to conceal it."—*Georgia Yellow Jacket*.

602. Mose: "Dat nigger shure am lucky."

Rastus: "How come, how come?"

"When he saw the Ku Klux coming after him he turned white."—*Virginia Reel*.

603. "I suppose you wish that every year had 365 days of rest!"

"Are you mad? Then I would have to work a day every fourth year!"

604. "Look, papa, Abie's cold is cured and we still got left a box of cough drops."

"Oo, vot extravagance. Tell Herman to go out and get his feet wet."

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605. "What under the sun do you girls do at afternoon teas?"

"Giggle, gabble, gobble, and git."—*Georgia Yellow Jacket*.

606. Kidd: "To-morrow is my wooden wedding anniversary and I can't think of a thing to give my wife."

Kidder: "Nonsense, man; use your head."

607. "When you refused him my hand did he fall on his knees, papa?"

"I didn't notice where he fell!"—*Karikaturen (Christiania)*.

608. "Bridget, has Johnnie come home from school yet?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you seen him?"

"No, sir."

"Then how do you know he's home?"

"'Cause the cat's hidden under the stove, sir."—*London Mail*.

609. Customer (looking doubtfully at box from which he is being served): "These cigars are smaller than they used to be."

Shopman: "Yes, sir. You see, the manufacturer noticed that the last inch of the cigar is always thrown away, so he's making them that much shorter!"—*London Answers*.

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610. NOT QUOTABLE.—“He’s disappointed in his three-year-old son.”

“Disappointed? What’s the trouble?”

“The kid hasn’t said anything clever enough to repeat for the last two weeks.”—*Detroit Free Press*.

611. THE LATEST CRIME.—“There is no name,” thunders the Rev. W. Howard Graham, “for the crimes that follow the drinking of bootleg booze.”

“There’s a name for everything, doctor, if you just put your mind to it. How about gynthetic sin?”—*F. P. A., in the New York World*.

612. AS IT LOOKED TO PERCY.—“Do tell me something about the play,” she said to the young man. “They said the climax was superb.”

“Yes, I am inclined to think it was very good,” said Percy.

“Can’t you describe it to me?” she asked.

“Well, the heroine came stealthily on the stage and knelt, dagger in hand, behind a clump of ribbons. The hero emerged from a large bunch of flowers, and as soon as she perceived him, she fell upon him, stabbed him and sank half conscious into a very handsome aigrette. This may sound queer, but the woman in front of me wouldn’t remove her hat, and that’s how it looked to me.”—*Pittsburgh Sun*.

613. ALL DOPED.—Man (in drug store): “I want some consecrated lye.”

Druggist: “You mean concentrated lye.”

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"It does notmeg any difference. That's what I camphor. What does it sulfur?"

"Fifteen scents. I never cinnamon with so much wit."

"Well, I should myrrh-myrrh! Yet I ammonia novice at it."—*American Mutual Magazine*.

614. CLOTHES THAT PASSED IN THE NIGHT.—
Passenger (after the first night on board ship): "I say, where have my clothes gone?"

Steward: "Where did you put them?"

Passenger: "In that little cupboard there, with the glass door to it."

Steward: "Bless me, sir, that ain't no cupboard. That's a porthole."—*Reynolds Newspaper (London)*.

615. CONSCIENTIOUS MAN.—Contractor: "Don't you see that sign, 'No New Help Wanted'?"

Colored Applicant: "Yassah. Ah promised mah ol' woman I'd ask fo' a job to-day an' dass why ah applied."—*New Haven Journal-Courier*.

616. WOULD YOU?—

I'd like to be a could-be

If I could not be an are.

For a could-be is a may-be

With a chance of touching par.

I'd rather be a has-been

Than a might-have-been by far,

For a might-have-been has never been,

But a has-been was an are.

—*Cornell Widow*.

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617. A HELPING HAND.—The brakeman was a greenhorn, and there was a steep grade to climb. The engineer always had more or less trouble to get up this grade, but this time he came near sticking. Eventually, however, he reached the top.

At the next station the engineer looked out the window of his cab and said with a sigh of relief as he happened to see the brakeman: "I tell you what, we had some job to get up that grade, didn't we?"

"We sure did," the brakeman said, "and if I hadn't put the brakes on we'd have slipped back."—*Chas. E. Cobb, Jr.*

618. The tale is told of an Aberdeenian, who ordered a suit from his tailor and contrived to get Snip to reduce the price from five guineas to four pounds.

When they had left the shop the friend who had accompanied him protested.

"It's no' fair, Peter. Ye ken ye've nae money an' that ye'll never pay him onyhow."

"That's just it, Tam," replied Peter; "oot o' the sheer kindness o' ma he'rt I dinna want him to lose sae muckle."—*London Tit-Bits.*

619. HISTORY.—College: "I see that Moses was a toreador."

Wharton: "How do you figure?"

College: "Well, wasn't he in the bulrushes?"—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

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620. "He's a membah of de Ways an' Means Committee."

"Is, is he? Den he's sure in de right place. Dat niggah knows moah ways ob bei' mean den any otha culled man I know!"

621. O'Shea: "Begorra, and did ye rade this, Mike? It says, 'Buy One of Our Stoves and Save Half Your Fuel.' "

Mike: "Shure, why not buy two of thim, and save it all?—*Bowdoin Bear Skin.*"

622. ORIGIN OF A GREAT IDEA.—The cuff on the bottom of trousers came in this way. A Scotchman had been out in a rain and had turned up his trousers at the bottom. When he returned he found he had lost a sixpence. He looked everywhere for it but in vain. That night, when retiring, the coin fell out of the fold. The next day he had all the trousers "cuffed," and the tailor, discovering the reason, soon built up a big business.—*Christian Advocate.*

623. SHOP METHODS.—May: "And so you accepted that young mailing clerk?"

June: "How could I help it! He addressed me rapidly, then enveloped me in his arms, stamped a kiss on my lips and sealed it all with a hug!"

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624. A RARITY.—“Would you say ‘honest politics is,’ or ‘are?’”

“‘Is,’ of course. Honest politics is always singular.”—*Indianapolis Journal*.

625. NECESSARY PRECAUTION.—One of the Negro immigrants who have been drifting up from the South in such numbers stopped a pedestrian in front of the post office.

“Say, boss,” he inquired, “what’s de way to Seneca Street?”

He was given the direction.

“Is dere a place down dere where I can git myself mawked?”

“Marked?”

“Ya-as; git my ’nitials stamped on my awm, you know. I got to dis town lass night, an’ I had a job engaged, an’ a satchel full of clo’es and \$18.62 in money. Fust I loss my way, den I met a guy who was goin’ to show me, an’ when I come to I’d loss my satchel an’ my money; now I’ve juss loss my job. I wants to go an’ git mawked right away, or nex’ thing I knows I’ll lose mahself.”—*Buffalo Express*.

626. Razz: “I thought you promised me that you wouldn’t smoke any more.”

Berry: “I did.”

“But you are smoking as much as ever.”

“Well, that isn’t any more, is it?”—*Texas Ranger*.

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627. He (teaching her to drive): "In case of emergency, the first thing you want to do is to put on the brake."

She: "Why, I thought it came with the car!"—*Purple Parrot*.

628. Miss Wither: "Yes, father has always given me a book for my birthday."

Friend: "My, what a wonderful library you must have!"—*Chicago Phoenix*.

629. NO LOCAL APPLICATION.—Visitor: "What an inspiring sermon your husband preached on 'One Day's Rest in Seven'!"

Pastor's Wife: "I didn't hear it—I had to get his dinner."—*Pelican*.

630. Teacher: "Can you tell me, little Eric, how many apples each your sister and you would have if you had eight apples to divide between you?"

Eric: "Who would divide them—my sister or me?"—*Klods Hans (Copenhagen)*.

631. OVERDOING IT.—Visitor: "What brought you here?"

Convict: "I attended too many weddings, ma'am."

"Ah! And you stole the presents?"

"No, ma'am. I was always the bridegroom."

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632. Sam Sneed: "It tells in this paper about a man who was found dead in his bathrobe."

Ham Bone: "I got one from the wife for Christmas I wouldn't be found dead in!"

633. She (just introduced): "Somehow, you seem familiar."

He: "Good heavens; I haven't started yet."—*Wesleyan Wasp*.

634. "I can't understand why you stayed outside so long with such a wonderful dancer as Charlie."

"But he showed me some new steps, and we sat on them."—*Williams' Purple Cow*.

635. Georgie: "Don't be angry, mother, because I've just saved three men and two women from drowning."

Mother: "Good gracious! How?"

"Why, they were just going on the ice when I fell through!"—*Humorist*.

636. COMMON KNOWLEDGE.—She had descended in wrath upon her husband as he stood at the stage door.

"What are you doing here?" she demanded.

It was up to him to think quickly, and he did.

"Hello, my dear," he greeted her mildly. "I heard you were coming down town and, wishing to see you, I came here—knowing this would be the first place you would look for me."

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637. She: "Something is preying on Dick's mind."

He: "Never mind, it will die of starvation."—

Dartmouth Jack O'Lantern.

638. PLEASING PAPA.—Mother was entertaining a few friends and young hopeful was being duly shown off, and resented it, as all young hopefuls do.

"Who do you like best?" asked one friend.

"Mother," was the reply.

"Who next?" asked another.

"Little sister."

"Who next?"

"Aunt."

Father, who was seated at the back, opened his mouth and said: "And when do I come in?"

"At two o'clock in the morning," was the reply.—

Atlanta Journal.

639. HELPFUL CAL.—Lord Balfour praises the waiters that he met in Washington at the conference on limitation of armaments and tells the following story: "I was at a hotel where all the waiters were colored men. On the first evening I pushed away the menu, and gave the waiter a coin.

" 'Just bring me a good dinner, Uncle,' I said. He brought me an excellent dinner. I continued this plan for a fortnight. When I left my waiter said to me, 'Good-by, sah, an' good luck, and when yoh or any of yoh frien's come here what can't read the menu, jes ax foh ole Calhoun Clay.' "—*Spokesman's Review (Washington).*

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640. DITCHED.—Ensign: “And you say you lost control of your car?”

Chief: “Yes. I couldn’t keep up the instalments.”
—*The Naval Weekly*.

641. To achieve elegance, madam ordered a pair of smart boots from an expensive shop. Some days after delivery she returned them.

“Your boots don’t fit well. I can’t walk in them.”

“Madam,” replied the dignified shopkeeper, “people who have to walk don’t shop here.”—*Sans Gene (Paris)*.

642. Lecturer: “When a person is deaf his sight is more acute, for the law of compensation will work itself out.”

Student: “I’ve often noticed it myself that when a man has a short leg the other is somewhat longer!”—*London Answers*.

643. BASHFUL.—

He is so absolutely shy,
My good friend, Tim Magee,
That he simply won’t embrace
An opportunity.

We went sailing yesterday,
And though I raved and swore,
In spite of all that I could do,
He wouldn’t hug the shore.

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644. "Sandy" Burns, although half intoxicated, was trying to play his daily game of golf. He had been in trouble on every hole until the short fifth; by some stroke of rare luck he made a one. The caddy rushed back to him, "It's in the hole, mister! It's in the hole!"

To which "Sandy" replied, "Damn the luck, give me my niblick."

645. SIR WALTER'S KNOCK.—"Ruff on the cloak," remarked Sir Walter Raleigh, as he spread his velvet garment for Queen Elizabeth. He just couldn't resist giving her this little wrap.

646. He: "Sweetheart, I'd go through anything for you."

She: "Let's start on your bank account."—*Notre Dame Juggler*.

647. EXTENSIVE.—Motorist: "It's preposterous. I'm an expert driver. What I know about driving would fill a book.

Constable: "And what you don't know would fill a hospital. Give me your name and address."—*Weekly Telegraph*.

648. Mrs. Mnemonic: "Go to the store, my dear, and get a pound of butter; if they haven't got butter, get oleomargarine."

Mr. Mnemonic: "Yes, m'love. "For butter or for worse; for butter or for worse."—*Stanford Chaparral*.

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649. Sign on a certain Missouri bakery window reads: "Ma's Bakery." Just underneath Ma's proud boast is lettered: "Pop on Ice."

650. "What we want," explained the employment manager, "is a well-behaved, trustworthy man of high moral character. Do you think you can fill the bill?"

"Yes, suh," replied the colored applicant, "no question 'bout it, suh."

"No?"

"No, indeed, suh. Why, it was on account of my good behavior dat I done got let out of de penitencia'y last week."

651. "Your ticket," emphatically declared the conductor to the intoxicated passenger, after examining the latter's ticket, "is for Decatur, and this train is on the St. Louis line, which doesn't go through Decatur."

"Good heavensh," exclaimed the intoxicated one, "have you told 'sh engineer?"

652. Workman: "Hey! I want twenty dollars damages fer your car bumpin' my wife!"

Motorist: "Twenty dollars! But, good heavens! She doesn't appear to be hurt!"

"Well, you gimme th' money—an' if she ain't I'll give you another 'go' at 'er."

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653. "What is untold wealth?"

"That which doesn't appear on the income-tax return."

654. STRANDED.—"What's the latest word from Cuba?"

"So far as I'm concerned," said Mr. Bibbles, "it's 'Please Wire Fifty.' "

"How's that?"

"I have a friend who went there to put in two wet weeks."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

655. HOME-BREW WISDOM.—"Why did you tell your friends that you made that liquor yourself? You know very well you didn't."

"I know. But I knew if I told them that they'd limit themselves to one drink and not insist on finishing it all."—*Detroit Free Press*.

656. POURED IN.—" 'The moonshine's in the river.' " began the poet who was reading from his own works.

"Shouldn't you substitute 'on' for 'in'?" asked a captious critic.

"No," replied the bard. "I'm describing the aftermath of a raid on a rural distillery."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

657. HELPS SOME.—Mrs. Yeast: "Do you notice any changes since prohibition became effective?"

Mrs. Crimsonbeak: "Oh, yes; my husband has dis-

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covered that the keyhole of our front door is less elusive.”—*Yonkers Statesman*.

658. A RARE SPECIMEN.—“What’s the excitement?”

“A bottle of beer is on exhibition in this store.”

“But isn’t it against the law to have a bottle of beer in this State?”

“I understand the proprietor of the store has taken out an amusement license.”—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

659. MOONSHINE.—Yeast: “Ever try any moonshine?”

Crimsonbeak: “Once.”

“They say it’s awful?”

“It is. I proposed marriage to my wife in it.”—*Yonkers Statesman*.

660. THE INGREDIENTS.—“I am accused of making liquor.”

“Don’t worry. I’ll get you off.”

“But they grabbed the evidence.”

“No matter. A bunch of this home-made stuff looks as much like a welsh rabbit as anything else.”—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

661. HEADACHES.—“You don’t suffer from that next-morning headache any more.”

“I won’t say that,” rejoined Uncle Bill Bottletop. “The headache comes around just the same; only you get it from listening to a jazz band.”—*Washington Star*.

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662. GO AS FAR AS THEY DARE.—“Is this a hospitable town?”

“My dear sir,” replied the affable citizen, “our hospitality is only limited by the vigilance of the prohibition enforcement officers.”—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

663. PROVERB REVISED.—“I suppose,” said the serious citizen, “that when some of these illicit liquor dealers have made money enough they will get into polite society.”

“I don’t think so,” replied Miss Cayenne. “You can’t make a silk purse out of a bootleg.”—*Washington Star*.

664. WHAT’S THE PASSWORD?—Friend Wife: “It seems to me that the literary club is meeting quite often at Bionese, isn’t it?”

Friend Hubby: “Yes, I admit it, but we don’t disturb anybody. The meetings are held in the basement.”—*Detroit News*.

665. A DRY SUBTERFUGE.—“Have you any of those hollow book forms that look like the real thing?” asked Colonel Biffkins.

“We don’t carry anything of that sort,” replied the salesman. “May I ask what you want with them?”

“I’m restocking my library. I have just discovered that some of my choicest volumes leak.”—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

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666. BADGES DECEIVING.—“I’d like to go into your cellar and examine the gas meter,” said the man at the door.

“Can’t permit it,” replied the man of the house. “I don’t know you.”

“Here’s my badge, sir.”

“Badges are no guarantee of good faith these days. I can’t be sure whether you’re a meter inspector or a Federal agent.”—*Yonkers Statesman*.

667. ’T WAS NOT A “TIGER.”—Two Federal prohibition field agents were seated in a train bound from North Vernon to Indianapolis.

“Ah, ha!” exclaimed one, as he nudged his companion in the ribs. “Look!”

The two thereupon watched an elderly colored couple. The man had a suitcase which seemed heavy, and he handled it gingerly as he placed it under the seat. The agents studied the situation and then decided to act.

“Excuse me,” said one of the agents addressing the colored man, “we will have to bother you to let us see what you have in that suitcase.”

“Yes, sir; yes, sir,” came the reply. “Help yourself.”

Expectantly the agents opened the suitcase and peered within. It contained six cans of home-prepared fruit.—*Indianapolis News*.

668. THE LAW IS THE LAW.—I was seated in a subway station. Beside me was a prim little gray-

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haired woman. A man came reeling down the steps and lurched into a post. He clung to it as if it were the one place of safety in a violent sea. There were indications, too, as of seasickness.

The prim little woman eyed him with distaste. Then, with an air of performing a painful duty—and you know she would always do her duty no matter how painful to herself or anybody else—she turned to me and said:

“That man is very ill. Don’t you think we should get an ambulance?”

“He’s drunk, that’s all,” I asserted.

She looked me up and down with the contempt of a superior intelligence.

“Drunk?” she echoed. And then, sighing at the necessity of giving instruction in the obvious, she added:

“How could he be drunk? We have prohibition.”—*New York Evening Sun*.

669. A BOOTLEGGER CALLS.—“A man wishes to see you, sir.”

“Well, what does he want? What is his name?” asked Mr. Grabcoin, irascibly.

“He wouldn’t state his business or give his name, sir. He told me to hand you this cork and you would understand.”

“Oh—er—quite right, quite right. Show the gentleman in.”—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

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670. IN THE OLD DAYS.—“Mr. Flivver, I’m Tony, your old barkeeper; I’m out of a job, and—”

“I don’t want to hear your troubles.”

“There’s gratitude for you. I’ve listened to yours for hours at a time.”—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

671. SOMEBODY WON.—Mrs. Crimsonbeak: “What’s the piece of string around your finger for, John?”

Mr. Crimsonbeak: “Why, I met a friend on my way home, and he bet me I had some good stuff in my cellar.”

“Well?”

“I bet him I hadn’t.”

“And then what?”

“I put the string around my finger.”

“For what, pray?”

“To remind me when I got home to visit my cellar.”

“And you’re going in the cellar now?”

“Yes, I’m going down to see who won the bet.”—*Yonkers Statesman*.

672. THAT WAS DIFFERENT,—“No,” insisted Mr. Wetmore, “I can’t serve on the jury. You see, my business—”

“Too bad!” interrupted the court officer. “We need good men like you. This is a search an’ seizure case an’ here’s a gallon of genuine old redeye to go in evidence for the consideration of the jury, an’ the defendant’ll hafta tell where he got it.”

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"However," resumed Mr. Wetmore, "as I was about to say, jury service is a patriotic duty. I'll make the sacrifice."—*New York Evening Globe*.

673. THE ELEPH, SOME ANT.—The American truth-teller was in form. "Talking of ants," he said, "we've got 'em as big as crabs out West. I've seen 'em fight with long horns, which they use as lances, charging each other like savages."

"They don't compare with the ants I saw in the Far East," said an inoffensive individual near by. "The natives have trained them as beasts of burden. One of 'em could trail a ton load for miles with ease. They worked willingly, but occasionally they turned on their attendants and killed them."

But this was drawing the long bow a little too far.

"I say, old chap," said a shocked voice from the corner, "what sort of ants were they?"

"Eleph-ants," replied the inoffensive individual.—*London Tit-Bits*.

674. GOING EASY.—"You look like a good risk, Mrs. Malone, but will you kindly tell me what your father died of?"

"Oi can't rightly remimber as to thot, sur, but sure it was nothing serious."—*Life*.

675. Friend: "Does your wife drive the car?"

Mr. Meek: "Yes, but I steer it."

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676. A DEAD BEAT.—“Well, old man, tough luck; your uncle’s death was awfully sudden.”

“Yes; was a shame, wasn’t it?”

“But he left quite a bit of money, I hear.”

“Oh, yes, the cop shot him before he could get out of the window.”—*Sun Dial*.

677. VENTILATED.—Mandy: “I hear yo’ husband done got shot seben times troo de body. You s’pose he’s gwin’ter git well?”

Liza: “I reckon he’ll live, but he’ll always be mighty porous.”

678. She: “Since our engagement has been broken off I will return the comb and brush set.”

He: “Why?”

“It will make parting easier.”—*Ohio State Sun Dial*.

679. YEA, VERILY.—She: “Do you think that a girl should learn to love before twenty?”

He: “Nope, too large an audience.”—*Dartmouth Jack O’ Lantern*.

680. GIVING FATHER HIS DUE.—An ingenious insurance salesman had secured a policy and a nice commission from a difficult client. He was about to congratulate himself when back came the policy. “Not approved by Home Office.” One important question had not been answered. “If your father is not alive, give cause of his death. . . .” After much

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questioning and suggestion the client said in a whisper:

"My father was hung in the Civil War as a spy. We never mention it."

"Good Lord, man, that's easy enough," said the salesman. Taking the application he wrote in this answer:

"Fell from a scaffold. Death instantaneous."

681. The opinion of generations which have disliked written speeches is reflected in a story told by an Atlanta man of an old colored woman who sat under a youthful minister who always read his sermons.

"How is dat new minister of youah's a-gittin' on?" someone asked the old woman.

"How's he a-gittin' on?" she repeated. 'Jest like a crow in a 'tater field—two dabs an' a look-up."

682. "Aren't you ashamed to go around selling doubtful oil shares?"

"I tried selling plowshares, but plowshares implied that the buyer would have to do some work to get any profits."

683. Magistrate: "What's the charge?"

Policeman: "Drunk, Your Honor, but not disorderly. He only wanted to go home, but was in no condition."

"Officer, you done well. No man should be allowed to go home unless he's capable of protecting himself."

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684. He (in the car): "Did you ever get pinched while going fast?"

She: "No, but I got squeezed while going slow."

685. Ted: "Did Speedwell know where he was going when he started out on his joyride?"

Ned: "Apparently not. He wound up in the hospital."

686. First Communist: "Nice weather we're having, comrade."

Second Communist (grudgingly): "I suppose so, but the rich are having it, too."

687. FIXING THE BLAME.—Margaret is only seven years old, but sometimes quite naughty. On one occasion her mother, hoping to be particularly impressive, said: "Don't you know that if you keep on doing so many naughty things your children will be naughty, too?"

Margaret dimpled and cried triumphantly, "Oh, mother, now you've given yourself away!"

688. PURELY PRO TEM.—Lily: "So yo' done mortgaged our li'l home?"

Mose: "Jes' temp-rarily, honey, till de mortgage am fo-closed."—*The American Legion Weekly*.

689. The inquisitive old lady was bending over the bed of a wounded soldier whose head was swathed with cotton and linen.

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"Were you wounded in the head, my boy?" she asked.

"No'm," replied a faint voice. "I was shot in the foot and the bandage has slipped up."—*The American Legion Weekly*.

690. COMPARISON.—Mr. Heinsheimer: "Ah, yes, my wife is versed in the culinary art."

Mr. Stein: "Ach, nein! Mine iss py far de verst!"

691. COURT'S ADJOURNED.—Lawyer: "Do you want a trial by jury or by the judge?"

Plumber: "I've done plumbing for most of the people in town. I'd better take the judge."

692. Police Judge: "With what instrument or article did your wife inflict these wounds on your face and head?"

Michael Mooney: "Wid a motter, Your Anner."

Police Judge: "A what?"

Michael Mooney: "A motter—wan o' these frames wid 'God Bliss Our Home' in it."

693. OBLIGING.—The furniture-store collector had called many times to collect a bill. Finally he said: "Mrs. Smith, I must insist you make some definite arrangements with me."

Mrs. Smith (brightly): "Why, certainly. Let's see—suppose you call every Thursday morning."

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694. PRECISELY.—Aunt: "Can you explain wireless telegraphy to me, Arthur?"

Arthur: "Well, if you had a very long dog, reaching from London to Liverpool, and you trod on its tail in London, it would bark in Liverpool. That's telegraphy; and wireless is precisely the same only without the dog."—*The Passing Show (London)*.

695. A certain employee in a big manufacturing concern ambled into the office about nine-thirty and found the boss infuriated.

"Do you know what time we begin work in this office?" he thundered.

"No, I can't say that I do," replied the tardy one, "but they're always at it when I get here."—*Lyre*.

696. SLIGHT MISTAKE.—A young business man and deacon in the church was going to New York on business and while there was to purchase a new sign which was to be hung up in the front of the church advertising a new movement in the church. He copied the motto and dimensions of the sign but went to New York and left the paper in his coat at home. When he discovered that he had left the paper at home, he wired his wife, "Send motto and dimensions." An hour later a message came over the wire and the young lady clerk, who had just come from lunch and knew nothing of the previous wire, fainted. When they looked at the message she had just taken they read: "Unto us a child is born, 6 feet long and 2 feet wide."—*Yellow Crab*.

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697. FEDERAL?—"This is the third puncture we've had. What kind of tires are you using?"

"Grand Juries."

"Never heard of that brand."

"Sure—there's always a leak in 'em."—*Columns.*

698. "Pardon me, Miss, but I gave you my order some twenty minutes ago, and—" began a meek-looking customer.

"Well, what about it?" demanded Heloise, of the Rapid Fire Restaurant.

"Nun-nothing," he replied. "Except that I wish to make it an entreaty instead of an order."—*Medley.*

699. "Sam, I sho' was sorry to hear dat your sister am sick."

"What yo' mean, sick? My sister ain't sick."

"Is dat so? Well, when I was down to yo' house yesterday I saw a sign on de door, 'Bell out of order.'"
—*Black and Blue Jay.*

700. Father: "Great heavens, son, how you do look!"

Son: "Yes, father, I fell in a mud puddle."

Father: "What! And with your new pants on, too?"

Son: "Yes, father, I didn't have time to take them off."—*Whirlwind.*

701. ARGUMENT'S ENDED.—A man was standing in front of Einstein's store as a funeral procession passed. "Whose funeral?" he asked of Einstein.

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"Chon Schmidt's," the latter replied.

'John Smith!' exclaimed the man. "You don't mean to tell me John Smith is dead?"

"Vell," said Einstein, "vot you tink dey is doing mit him—practicing?"

702. OVER THE PHONE—"Hello. That you, Jennie? As I was saying, my husband mislaid his hat this morning. And I had to find it for him, and when I did, d' y' know what he said? Well, he asked me as he was putting it on, 'Wonder what fool place I'll put it next?' "

703. MY BONNIE (1924).—

My Bonnie leaned over the gas tank,
The height of the contents to see,
She lighted a match to assist her—
Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me.

704. THEY MIGHT HELP.—Judge: "This is a very serious offense. Have you no attorney to look after your defense?"

Prisoner: "No, Your Honor, but I am pleased to be able to inform Your Honor that I have some very good friends on the jury."

705. MEN, WE'RE DONE FOR!—A woman wrote in this testimony to a patent medicine firm: "Your medicine has helped me wonderfully. A month ago I could not spank my baby and now I am able to thrash my husband. Heaven bless you!"

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706. IS THE BULLSCHOOL.—He had mastered the art of public-speaking, as taught at a modern university, and was giving his first public address after his graduation.

“The schoolwark is the housebull,” he began, and stopped abashed at the tittering that followed his remarkable assertion.

“The schoolbull is the housewark—” he was groping blindly. He seized upon the water pitcher and drank deeply.

“The schoolhouse, my friends,” triumphantly, “is the woolbark—” He fainted and they carried him out.—*Frivol.*

707. “Why, Uncle Wash! I didn’t know you were a fiddler!”

“Well, Cun’l, I ain’t fust class, and I ain’t quite second, but I’s the best third class fiddler in dis county!”

708. In the cemetery of a large city there is inscribed on the stone of a man who was blown up in the explosion of a fireworks factory the following epitaph: HIS BRIGHT TRANSLATION TO THE REALMS ABOVE WAS MARRED BY NO SAD FAREWELL.—*Goblin.*

709. JOGGING HIS MEMORY.—Smith was a young lawyer, clever in many respects, but very forgetful. He had been sent to a distant city to interview an important client, when the head of his firm received this

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telegram: "Have forgotten name of client. Please wire at once."

The reply he received was a masterpiece of sarcasm, irony, or something. It ran: "Client's name Jenkins. Your name Smith."

710. Mike was learning how to ride, and had chosen a rather unruly beast for his companion. The animal was a high stepper and bucked and twisted until Mike's patience was nearly exhausted. He kept his temper, however, until his mount finally caught one of his hoofs in a stirrup, when Mike jumped off with an indignant yell: "Well, begorra, if yore goin' to git on, Oi'm goin' to git off!"—*Flamingo*.

711. A carpenter sent to make some repairs on one of the more fashionable sorority houses, entered the place and began work.

"Mary," said the house mother to the maid, "see that my jewel case is locked at once!"

The carpenter understood. He removed his watch and chain from his vest in a significant manner and handed them to his apprentice.

"John," said he, "take these back to the shop! It seems that this place ain't safe."

712. New Employer: "And why did you leave Mr. Duncan's employ?"

Marie: "Well, it was like this: He came downstairs the other marnin' and began to hunt high and

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low, under sofas, chairs and tables, for the east wind and a coupla dragons, and, Mrs. Smith, I'm not goin' to work for no lunatic."—*Punch Bowl*.

713. ONE OF LAMB'S TALES.—"It's sad," said the sentimental landlady at the table, "to think this poor little lamb should be slaughtered in the flower of its youth just to satisfy our appetites."

"Yes," agreed the cynical boarder, "it is tough."—*Carpetbagger*.

714. A constituent not long ago sent the following information to his congressman:

"Yu needent send me eny seads this yere az i hav awl i kan yews wat i wanta no iz dew yew deel in frewt trease if sew i wood lik a phew ov yewer politecal plums. i bleeve id lik em.

Yewers trewly.

715. HE FILLS THE BILL.—Aunt Lucy: "I trust you found yourself surrounded by good company at the party last evening?"

Philippe: "I sure did. I was surrounded by Jack Huggins and he's awfully good company."

716. OLDER THAN THE LAW.—A salesmanlike-looking inspector was surprised to find a dirty roller towel in the washroom. Indignantly he said to the landlord:

"Don't you know that it has been against the law for years to put up a roller towel in this State?"

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"Sure, I know it," replied the proprietor, "but no ex-post facto law goes in Kansas, and that there towel was put up before the law was passed."—*Topeka Capital*.

717. "When can I hope to receive the money you owe me?"

"Always.—*Lemberg Pociegiel*."

718. TOO LATE.—Old Gentleman (engaging a new chauffeur): "I suppose I can write to your last employer for your character?"

Chauffeur: "I'm sorry to say, sir, each of the last two gentlemen I have been with died in my service."—*London Punch*.

719. I've heard the nighthawk's plaintive wail,
I've heard the whistle of the quail,
But there's one sound I've yet to hear,
And that's the blubber of the whale.

—*University of Chicago Phoenix*.

720. Fatleigh: "I know a man who looks so much like you that one could hardly tell you apart."

Thinleigh: "You haven't paid him that ten dollars I lent you three months ago, have you?"

721. Ex-stenographer: "Does your husband give you an allowance, dear, or do you use the touch system?"

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722. WORDS AND MUSIC.—

I sat down to write me a sweet little song
To sing to my Madeline fair,
I wrote of her eyes and her lily-white hands,
Of her cherry-red lips and her hair.
And I thrilled, for I knew this love lyric of mine
Would surely make Madeline care.

But I had no music to go with my song,
So I sat down to write then and there
A melody sweet as befitted the words
I'd indited to Madeline fair.
Though I toiled all that night I am forced to confess
That I never got anywhere.

"Oh, give me a tune for this lyric of mine!"
I begged everyone in despair,
But no one would give me a melody sweet,
So I called on my Madeline fair
And I gave her the words of my nice little song.
And Madeline gave me the air.

—*Phil Rosa.*

723. Will: "Say, who's this girl that you are always writing to?"

George: "Well, to tell the truth, she's a married woman."

Will: "A married woman! And may I ask to whom she's married?"

George: "My father."—*Purple Parrot.*

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724. Young Lordling: "My word! There goes the prince off a horse again. And he was traveling incognito, too."

Puncher: "Yep! But you can't fool a horse."—*Sun Dial*.

725. Attendant: "Sorry, madam, you're not allowed to take your dog into the movies."

Lady: "How absurd! What harm can the pictures do little Fido?"—*Pearson's Weekly*.

726. QUITE DELIBERATE.—Motorist's Victim (angrily): "You scoundrel! Do you mean to say that you ran over me deliberately?"

Motorist (calmly): "Certainly; I wasn't going over ten miles an hour."—*Northwestern Purple Parrott*.

727. SPEECHES OF ACCEPTANCE.—On Being Presented With the Brown Derby: "You fellows certainly believe in making your presents felt."

On Receiving a Visit from the Enforcement Officers: "Welcome to the Sahara, gentlemen. From your outstretched palms we mistook you for an oasis."

On Being Given a Ten-year Sentence at Sing Sing: "Judge, the burden of your last sentence will linger with me for a long time to come."

On Receiving an Ultimatum from the Landlord: "If your word failed to move me I should consider myself unduly lacking in the finer sensibilities."

On Being Given a Snifter of Pre-war Stuff: "That's the cat's claws—but what else did you put in it?"

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On Being Hailed as the Father of Twins: "Have a cigar—have two cigars."

One Being Given the Gate by Phyllis: "You've had *your* say; now wait till I get *this* off my chest—here's your old sorority pin."

On Being Nominated for Vice-president: "I say! A joke is a joke, you know: isn't this going a trifle too far?"

728. SHORT BUT LONG.—Before exercising her Leap-year privilege, she determined to make one more effort.

"George," she said, "why don't you propose?"

"Somehow—somehow, I can't bring myself to it, Mabel," he blurted.

"It's only a short sentence, George."

"It's a sentence for life—unless one lives in America."—*The Sydney Bulletin*.

729. DISGUISE?—"When we get to Niagara, dear, let's try not to look as though we've just been married."

"Good idea, darling. You carry the suitcase, eh?"

730. He: "Would you scream if I kissed you, little girl?"

She: "Little girls should be seen and not heard!"—*Tennessee Mugwump*.

731. Window cleaners aren't the only ones whose occupation is hazardous. We read recently of a magazine editor who dropped eleven stories into a wastebasket.

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732. A Negro called at the hospital and said, "I called to see how mah fren' Joe Brown was gettin' along." The nurse said, "Why, he's getting along fine; he's convalescing now."

"Well," said the darry, "I'll just sit down and wait till he's through."—*Bison*.

733. Auto tourists see so much on the way that it requires something out of the ordinary to interest them. A tourist in a rural district was impressed by the more dead-than-alive character of the country, where houses were few and dilapidated, and inhabitants but infrequently seen. He at last found a native leaning lazily over a fence and regarding the stranger with a glimmer of interest.

"Not much going on around here, is there?" the tourist asked.

"Nope," replied the native. "Nuthin' but the interest on the mortgages."

734. Rastus: "Ah can't get dis spot off'n yo' trousers.

Student: "Have you tried gasoline?"

Rastus: "Yas, suh."

Student: "Have you tried ammonia?"

Rastus: "Naw, suh, but I'm almost sure they'll fit."—*Yellow Jacket*.

735. College Grad.: "I'm a college man, and I want a position."

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Employer: "No college man will work in this place as long as I'm boss."

College Grad.: "Who mentioned work?"—*Mercury*.

736. "Not a bad-looking car you have there, Brown; what's the most you ever got out of it?"

"Six times in one mile."—*Bison*.

737. A SHARP RETORT.—"Do you mean to say that you shave yourself all the time?" asked the barber.

"Well, hardly," replied the customer. "I stop occasionally for meals."—*Drexerd*.

738. He: "Do you think that you could learn to love me?"

She: "I'm afraid not."

He: "'Tis as I feared, too old to learn."—*Jack O' Lantern*.

739. "Beg pardon," said the registrar, as a worthy Frosh was registering, "but what is your name?"

"Name," answered that worthy, "can't you see my signature?"

"I can," replied the registrar, "and that's what aroused my curiosity."—*Pitt Panther*.

740. "You know this Cream-O-Wheat nigger? He's gone into the movies."

"Really?"

"Yeah, I've seen him in lots of cereal pictures."—*Rice Owl*.

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741. There was a new attendant at the Spiritualistic circle, and he had formerly been employed in a big drapery shop. The fact came to light when a client requested him to tell the medium that she wished to speak with a Mr. Green. "Certainly, madam," said the attendant. "Can you give me his Christian name?"

"I'm afraid I've forgotten it, but he only died quite lately."

The attendant cleared his throat and approached the medium. "Please show the lady some of the latest shades of Greens," he said.—*Sydney Triad*.

742. THE GENIAL SEASON.—"My niece had twins this morning."

Slightly-deaf Old Gentleman: "Thank you, Miss Simpson. The same to you and many of them."

743. "What does this word 'ingenuous' mean?"

"Well, I'll illustrate. An ingenuous chap is the sort of fellow that would buy a secondhand flivver from a dealer named Cohen, and expect to sell it to a guy named Donald MacPherson without getting stuck on the deal."

744. Customer: "I wish you'd show me the thinnest thing you have in a blue-serge suit?"

Clerk: "I would with pleasure, sir, but he's out to lunch just now."

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745. Pretty Customer: Of course, I want my shoes to be plenty large enough, but at the same time I want them to look neat and trim, you know."

Shoe Clerk: "I see. You want them large inside, but small outside."

746. An Irishman who was signing articles on board a ship began to write his name with his right hand, then, changing the pen to his left hand, finished it.

"So you can write with either hand, Pat!" asked the officer.

"Yis, sor," replied Pat. "When I was a boy, me father (rist him!) always said to me, "Pat, learn to cut your finger nails wid your left hand, for some day ye might lose your right."

747. MANY OF THAT BRAND.—"I see you've a new car. What sort of a bus is it?"

"An incubus."—*Dublin Opinion*.

748. JUST SO.—First Angel: "How'd you get here?"

Second Ditto: "Flu."—*Gargoyle*.

749. A breeder of dairy cattle in one of the Southern States is quite as well known for his stinginess and for his attitude toward all his help as for the quality of the cattle he breeds, and his cattle are known far and wide.

A Negro milker came to him once, looking for a job. He looked the Negro over critically, for he was always

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in need of help, and said: "You don't look to me like a man who wants a steady job."

"Yas, sir, boss," said the Negro, "I wants er steady job."

"Go to work, but I don't like your looks."

He went and found that he not only had to milk twenty cows but care for the milk, wash the utensils, feed, clean the stables, and drive the cows to and from the pasture. This took about eighteen hours a day. He was game, however, and stayed two months and then gave notice.

"I knew it. I knew it," said the boss, "you just don't want a steady job."

"Yas, sir, I does," the Negro replied, "but you is been laying me off six hours every night."

750. "I saw you taking home a nice-looking lobster last night. How much did it cost you?"

"I don't know yet. The doctor is up at the house now."—*Passing Show (London)*.

751. SOME DRIVERS.—"Are you a good driver?"

"Motor, golf, charity, pile, or slave?"—*Record*.

752. SEASIDE JOYS.—"Did you have a good time at your summer cottage this season?"

"No, but dozens of our friends did."—*Detroit Free Press*.

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753. THIS LOOKS SERIOUS.—Judge: “What’s this man charged with, officer?”

Cop: “Careless walkin’, yer honor. He bumped into a truck and bent both fenders and the radiator.”
—*The American Legion Weekly*.

754. THE SNOWSHOE GLIDE.—“Are you from the Far North?”

“No, why do you ask?”

“You dance as if you had snowshoes on.”—*Dartmouth Jack O’ Lantern*.

755. Sim Galey has had his Ford three years and he never paid out a cent for repairs. He’s had most of his gasoline charged, too.

756. Stude: “Talk about deep things. Why, we’ve a well home that’s so deep that we can’t touch bottom, in fact, I don’t think it has any bottom.”

Stewed: “Thrash funny. Doesn’t it leak?”—*Dartmouth Jack O’ Lantern*.

757. Street Orator: “Ah, gents, if we all ’ad our rights, I should be ridin’ in me own carriage now, as I ’ave done before.”

Skeptic: “Yeah, but yer poor old mother couldn’t push you now.”—*The London Humorist*.

758. He: “You are the sunshine of my life. Your smile falls like lightning into my soul. With you by my side I would defy all the storms of life.”

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She: "Is this a proposal or a weather report?"—*Sondags Nisse (Stockholm)*.

759. THEY PROFIT.—First Sport: "Hey, lend me ten dollars, will you, old man? I'm hard pressed."

Second Sport: "No, but I can tell you how we can both make five dollars."

"Let's have it."

"I'll give you five dollars."—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl*.

760. BOTH GOOD LOOKERS.—"I'm looking out for No. 1," said the bachelor.

"And I'm looking out for No. 2," grinned the widower.

761. EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES.—The Collegian (home in disgrace): "Look here, pater! You mustn't believe all the lies you hear about a chap. Half of them aren't true, you know."—*The Sydney Bulletin*.

762. MINIATURE.—"Do you use this cellar for cyclones?" asked the visitor to Breeze Center.

"Waal, now, mister," replied the old native, vastly pleased, "my stuff is pretty good, but it ain't hardly got that much kick!"

763. Bigby: "How did you make out in court to-day?"

Littleby: "I told the judge I was deaf."

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"And did he believe you?"

"Well, he said I would get a hearing in the morning."

764. Tommy (to florist): "I say, old man, I want to get some flower seeds for my dear old deaf aunt. It's her birthday."

Florist (absent-mindedly): "How about a trumpet vine?"

765. The cook had neglected to salt the mush one morning, and Ella, four years old, noticed that something was wrong. "I can hardly eat this mush," she said. "It tastes kinda dim."

766. Lest he be considered dogmatic or unduly stern, the parson had a way of qualifying his pulpit utterances.

"My brethren," he said, reaching the climax of his morning discourse, "if you do not repent, so to speak, and believe the Word, as it were, you'll be lost, in a measure."

767. "Married yet, ol' man?"

"No, but I'm engaged, and that's just as good."

"If you only knew it, it's better!"—*Denison Flamingo*.

768. Weak Eyes: "I want a pair of strong spectacles. I've just had a very painful experience that I don't want to repeat."

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Oculist: "Did you take a stranger for an acquaintance?"

"Worse than that. I took a bumble-bee for a berry."—*Notre Dame Juggler.*

769. While the diagnosis of the patient, who had eaten rather generously, was proceeding, the sick man said, "Doctor, do you think the trouble is in the appendix?"

"Oh, no," said the doctor, "not at all. The trouble is with your table of contents."—*Western Christian Advocate.*

770. She: "Our engagement is off forever! Shall I return your love letters?"

He: "Never mind 'em, dear. I have carbon copies."

771. "HIMSELF."—

To merchants he's the "customer,"
And yet his form's so pliant
That landlords call him "tenant"
And lawyers dub him "client."

To hotelkeepers he's the "guest,"
And yet, though he's no other,
He's known to railroads as the "fare"
And to the church as "brother."

He's often hailed "subscriber"
Or as "reader" by the press.
He's "risk" to his insurers,
And yet you would not guess

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That, though the names they give him
Dress him in best bib and tucker,
The chap who sells him gold bricks
Knows he's always just the "sucker."
—*Frederick C. Russell.*

772. BIG BUSINESS.—The Old Gentleman (sarcastically): "When do you expect to marry my daughter?"

"As soon as the announcement of our engagement has given me a line of credit."

773. A PROMISING BOY.—Hostess (at children's party): "Johnny, why do you say 'No, thank you!' every time you help yourself to another cookie? You've said it at least eight times."

Johnny: "Mother warned me to say 'No, thank you!' after the second one and I promised her I would."

774. Dentist (extracting tooth): "This will be ten dollars."

Victim: "Keep the damn thing."—*California Pelican.*

775. Professor: "Can any person in this class tell me what steel wool is?"

Pie Bate: "Sure! Steel wool is shearings from hydraulic rams."—*Stanford Chaparral.*

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776. A SAD CASE.—

A carpenter worked on my bungalow
And made some minor repairs;
He drove back and forth in his limousine
And seemed to be free from cares.

He finished the work and departed,
But when he brought in the bill,
I had to give him the bungalow
And I owe him ten dollars still!

—*William Sanford.*

777. Albert Keller, the well-known hotel man, was telling stories about tip dodgers.

“A mean man,” he said, “ate a good meal at a restaurant, and then, when he was through, dropped a half a dollar on the floor.

“Waiter,” he said, as he paid his bill, “I just dropped two half dollars. Find them for me, will you?” The obliging waiter disappeared under the table, and in a short time emerged very red in the face.

“I’ve found one of them, sir,” he said. “Thanks,” said the man, as he pocketed the coin and rose “When you find the other, keep it for yourself—tip, you know.”

778. A LA NEW YORK CENTRAL.—“My father was a great track man in his day.”

“Runner, eh?”

“No, walker.”—*Ohio State Sun Dial.*

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779. "Your son must be the idol of the family."

"Yes. He has been idle for twenty-one years."—
Pennsylvania State Froth.

780. Mistress: "You say you worked for Mrs. Van Etten. What proof have you?"

New Maid: "Well, mum, I've got some initialed lingerie."

781. Two cowboy pardners, Red and Slim, promised their girls that they would quit drinking for six months.

About two weeks later they went to town. They knocked around for a while and then separated for an hour or so, after which they got on their horses and started back for the ranch.

Red was inclined to talk, but Slim was very silent. After they had ridden for a while, Red turned to Slim and said: "What yuh so silent like, about? It ain't natural."

"Ah," replied Slim, "I promised Bess I'd quit drinkin' for six months. I guess I'm the dangdest, biggest liar in this country!"

"Didn't I promise Rose I'd quit, too, the same time you did?"

"Yes, but—"

"Well, yuh ain't the biggest liar, then. Don't I weigh five pounds more'n you?"

782. Motorist: "I'd like a dozen eggs, please."

Farmer: "I haven't a dozen; I got only ten."

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Motorist: "Well, are they fresh?"

Farmer: "They're so fresh the hen didn't have time to finish the dozen."—*Williams' Purple Cow*.

783. THE TRUTH, BY CHANCE.—Mrs. Blank (visiting): "Really, James and I meant to call long before this, but somehow we kept putting off the evil day."—*Weekly Telegraph*.

784. Reggie: "Late hours are not good for one."

Beth: "But fine for two."—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl*.

785. WHO COULD IT BE?—"Stop!" cried the voice in the taxi.

The driver stopped.

"I didn't mean you. Keep right on driving," said the voice.—*Carnegie Puppet*.

786.—Soph.: "I was over to see her last night, when someone threw a brick through the window and hit the poor girl in the ribs."

Fresh.: "Did it hurt her?"

"No, but it broke three of my fingers."—*Pittsburgh Pitt Panther*.

787.—Manager: "Look here! You are wasting too much time on your personal appearance."

Typist: "It's not wasted. I've only been here six months, and I've already had proposals from the chief clerk and the cashier."—*London Opinion*.

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788. "Father, I've decided to become an artist."

"I've no objections, provided you don't draw on me!"—*London Humorist*.

789. Coatroom Attendant (frigidly): "I positively *never* make mistakes, sir. *Of course*, I'm certain this is your coat!"

Long-suffering Patron (with a sigh of relief): "My, that's fine! I was afraid I still owed you one more payment."

790. "And you'd love me just the same if I hadn't a cent; wouldn't you, dear?"

"Don't be foolish, darling! You know, money is nothing to me. But I hope you've been telling me the truth about your prospects, for I never could condone falsehood!"

791. PIERRE AND TEENOM.—Teenom have been felt bad in the middle a long, long time. So, the next time he pass himself to town he talk wid the doctor. When the doctor have finish his exam' wid Teenom, that Louisiana Cajun wrinkle his face up and say, "Doggone!" Then he hurry up fast home.

"What the doctor tell you to do?" Pierre ax Teenom.

"My goodness!" say Teenom, "that doctor tell me I must do away wid my appendix!"

"You have decide to do that, eh?" Pierre ax.

"*Eh, bien*, Pierre!" say Teenom, almost cry, "if I don't wear no appendix no more, how am I going to keep my pants up?"—*David H. Livingston*.

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792. "I believe she's going to marry again—and she's been led to the altar three times already."

"Led! Why, she knows the way blindfold!"

793. Five-year-old Freddie was spending the day with his aunt. Dinner was late, and the child began to grow restless.

"Auntie," he said, finally, "does God know everything?"

"Yes, dear."

"Every little thing?"

"Yes, dear, every little thing."

"Well, then," he said in a tone of conviction, "God knows I am hungry."

794. Two white men and a Negro were discussing a recent suicide in their midst, all agreeing that the tragedy was a sad one and placed a heavy loss upon the community. After various opinions were aired between the three, one of the men addressed the old darky.

"It seems queer, Uncle Henry, but I've never heard of a colored man who committed suicide. How do you account for that?"

"No, sah," mused Uncle Henry, "I spec's yo-all nevah did. Hits this way, I reckon. When a man gwine commit suicide he sho'ly do stop 'n think, and when a cul'ud man stops to think he falls asleep."

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795. Ethel: "So Gladys is married. I suppose she has found her ideal at last, eh?"

Clara: "Heavens, no! She's just beginning to look around!"

796. An old colored preacher owned a mule which had an efficient pair of heels and a loud but unmusical voice.

One Sunday morning, while the preacher was earnestly exhorting, the mule persisted in putting his head in at the window and braying loudly.

The preacher finally said, "Breddern and sistern, is dere one among you all who knows how to keep dat mule quiet?"

"Pahson," replied a man, "if you all will jess tie a stone to dat mule's tail he sho' will keep quiet."

"Breddern and sistern," responded the preacher, "let him who is without sin tie de fust stone."

797. Jones was coming for the first time to see how his worthless son, who had been sent out on a farm to work, was behaving himself. He met the owner of the farm and immediately became anxious to learn whether or not his son had proved a success. His first question was:

"How's the boy gettin' along?"

"Well," said the farmer, "he broke two spade handles yesterday and one to-day."

"What, workin' so hard?"

"No, leanin' on 'em."

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798. "I saw your husband on the train just now," remarked a catty neighbor. "He was very attentive to a lady he had with him."

"I'm glad to hear that," said the sensible wife. "He thought he might bring out a new cook."

799. "I'd be glad to give you a job," said the kind lady to the tramp, "if I knew what sort of work you could do."

"Well, mum," said the tramp, "me last job was that of a pure food investigator."

800. Two colored men were standing on the corner discussing family trees.

"Yes, suh, man," said Ambrose, "I can trace my relations back to a family tree."

"Chase 'em back to a family tree," said Mose.

"Naw, man, trace 'em, trace 'em, get me?"

"Well, they ain't but two kind of things dat live in trees. Birds and monkeys, and you sho' ain't got no feathers on you."

801. Mr. Woodpecker: "You've been working hard this morning. Did you finally get your worm?"

Mrs. Woodpecker (tiredly, but proudly): "Yes, it was a case of nineteen holes before breakfast for me."

802. Father: "Johnny, did you ever see that fellow that clerks at the hardware store kissing your sister?"

Johnny: "Father, I cannot tell a lie. That's the way I got my radio set."

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803. Mother: "Why won't you marry Adolph?"

Daughter: "He is a Freethinker. He doesn't believe there is a hell!

"Then you should marry him. We can then convince him of his error!"—*Korsaren (Christiania)*.

804. Mistress: "I hope you're not superstitious, as I hear you're Irish."

Applicant: "Well, mum, Oi think it's unlucky to break a lookin'-glass; Oi broke the big hall mirror in me last place and it lost me my job."—*Passing Show (London)*.

805. A certain town had bought a new fire engine, and the superintendent, after gathering all his men together, suggested that an appropriate motto should be placed over the station. The thing was debated at some length and several suggestions were made. Finally one man rose and said: "I move the following motto: 'May this fire engine be like all the old maids in our village—always ready, but never called for.'"
—*London Tit-Bits*.

806. An actor visited a doctor and asked to be examined.

"I want to see that I'm fit for a good many years yet," he said. "You know I'm to be married again soon, for the fifth time."

"H'm," muttered the doctor, as he put the stethoscope to the actor's heart, "of course, this fifth lady

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is the only girl in the world for you, and this is positively your last matrimonial venture?"

"Heavens!" cried the actor, alarmed, "I'm not as bad as that, am I?"—*London Tit-Bits*.

807. Judge (to victim of hold-up): "While you were being relieved of your valuables did you call the police?"

Victim: "Yes, Your Honor, everything I could think of."

808. "Minion, tell me the truth!" thundered his august majesty, "what made all these nicks in my broadsword?"

"Sire," replied the trembling page, "I don't want to snitch on a woman, but the queen's been sharpening pencils."—*Washington Sun Dodger*.

809. "I hear that the charity ball was a pretty wet affair."

"Yes; even the costumes were of divers colors."—*Yale Record*.

810. "My wife is like an umpire—she never thinks I'm safe when I'm out."—*Washington and Lee Mink*.

811. "Here is that suit I bought of you last week," said the angry customer to the tailor. "You said you would return my money if it was not satisfactory."

"That's what I said," responded the polite tailor,

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rubbing his hands, "but I am happy to tell you that I found the money to be entirely satisfactory."—*Reynolds Newspaper (London).*

812. Small Boy (on arrival at country cottage):
"Mummy, where is the bathroom?"

Mother: "There isn't any bathroom, dear."

"Good! This is going to be a real holiday."—*Massachusetts Ag. Squib.*

813. The Major (over garden wall): "If you were a gentleman you would apologize for your dog's behavior!"

The Colonel: "I could never think of apologizing to you, sir!"

"Sir, I thought you were a gentleman!"

"I never thought you were one, sir!"

"Well, perhaps, we were both mistaken!"—*London Answers.*

814. "Strike out for yourself," said the big magnate.

"That's bum advice. How the devil will I make a hit if I strike out?" said the modern boy.

815. A man was hired as a cook in a restaurant. The manager asked him if he had had much experience.

"Yes, sir, I was a officer's cook two years and wounded twice."

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The manager tasted the soup the man had made and said: "You're lucky, man. It's a wonder they didn't kill you."

816. "There's no present like the time," remarked the incorrigible punster as he gave his wife a wrist watch.

817. "What on earth kept you out till this hour of the night?" demanded Pat's enraged wife from the upstairs hall as Pat softly closed the front door at two-thirty A. M.

"Well, darlin'," replied Pat, "Oi've been iver since ten o'clock tryin' to think up a good excuse for not bein' home by nine-forty-five."

818. Deacon Smithers, who had decided views regarding Sunday observance, was on his way to the Sunday morning services. He had gone but a short way from his home when he came upon an acquaintance who was changing tires on a car parked beside the curb while the other passengers stood shivering on the sidewalk.

"Well, brother," remarked the deacon triumphantly, "you are suffering just retribution for your sins. The churches stand empty while their members go gadding about the country in automobiles. But where on earth were you driving to on a cold day like this?"

"We were on our way to church," replied the motorist drily.

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819. "My dear," said the old man tenderly, "to-day is our diamond wedding, and I have a little surprise for you!"

"Yes?" said his silver-haired wife.

He took her hand in his.

"You see this engagement ring I gave you seventy-six years ago?"

"Yes?" said the expectant old lady.

"Well, I paid the final installment on it to-day, and I am proud to announce that it is now altogether yours!"

820. Old Zeph Dorgan sat on a log near the bridge one Sunday morning, casting anxious glances at an uncertain sky. His willow fishpole and can of bait lay at his feet.

Before he had quite decided on the weather the minister came by, having taken a short cut owing to the fear of a sudden shower.

"Well, Brother Zeph," he asked, "is yo' gwine to chu'ch or is yo' gwine fishin'?"

"Ah dunno yit," said Zeph, "ah'm jest a-wrastlin' wif ma conscience."

821. Bishop Doane of Albany was at one time rector of an Episcopal church in Hartford, and Mark Twain, who occasionally attended his services, played a joke upon him one Sunday.

"Doctor Doane," he said at the end of the service, "I enjoyed your sermon this morning. I welcomed it

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like an old friend. I have a book at home containing every word of it."

"You have not," said Doctor Doane.

"I have so."

"Well, send that book to me. I'd like to see it."

"I'll send it," the humorist replied. Next morning he sent an unabridged dictionary to the rector.

822. There is a young man in the official set in Washington who is wise beyond his years, as was evidenced when he paused before answering a widow who had asked him to guess her age.

"You must have some idea about it," she said, with what was intended for an arch sidewise glance.

"I have several ideas," said the wise young man, with a smile. "The only trouble is that I hesitate whether to make you ten years younger on account of your looks or ten years older on account of your brains."

Then, while the widow smiled and blushed, he took a graceful but speedy leave.

823. "How was the fishing at Lake Bohink this summer?" asked Boggs of Smith, who had spent his two weeks vacation at that resort. "The circulars say it was great, most of the season."

"Ah, yes," said Smith. "That was before I came and after I left."

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824. "Brudder, jes' take a look at this dawg an' tell us what yo-all thinks ob him?"

"If yo' move him ovah bout a inch wheah ma eyes is aimed ah'll look at him—but ah won't think."

825. AFTER THE SPANKING.—Susan: "Does God love you?"

Mother: "Yes."

"And does he love me?"

"Of course."

"There's something wrong somewhere."

826. The Tickton and Eastern, plying between Tickton and another equally inconsequential city, is what is know as a "one-horse railroad." One hot summer evening the press agent of a strcet show waited at the Tickton station for the evening train to bring his manager. The train being already half an hour late, the press agent walked up to the ticket window to make inquiry.

"What's the matter with that train?" he asked.

"Hm," replied the stationmaster, looking at his watch, "reckon the engineer's wife's havin' company fer supper again."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Well, at them times, Charlie don't take any chances of gettin' home before the dishes is washed."

827. Minister: "We, all of us, should do at least two things every day that we heartily dislike doing."

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Charlie: "I do that all right. Why, every morning I get out of bed, and every night I go to bed.—*London Answers*.

828. Father X: "That horse you sold me is blind, and you never said a word to me about it!"

Farmer Z: "Well, the man who sold him to me didn't tell me, either, so I thought perhaps he didn't want it known."—*London Answers*.

829. SHE'D PREFER CASH HERSELF.—The Artist: "I've been getting a good deal of credit for my work lately."

The Model: "But can you get enough of it to live on?"—*The Sydney Bulletin*.

830. "Vy, Ike, that hat is three sizes too big for you."

"Yes, but fadder, dey all cost the same price."—*West Point Pointer*.

831. A witness was testifying in a case concerning cubic measure, but it was evident from his loose, vague talk that he didn't know exactly what cubic measure was. The judge, to test him, said:

"Now, friend, look at this inkstand. Let us assume that this inkstand is one yard across the top this way,

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and one yard across the top that way, and one yard deep, how would you then describe it?"

The witness chuckled.

"I'd say, judge, she was some inkstand."—*Los Angeles Times*.

832. SOMEWHAT SLOW.—

It was my birthday t' other night

An' I proposed to Sally Bright;

And Sally gin herself to me—

"For a present, Bill," sez she.

An' I was all embarrassed like,

My heart a-beatin' in a fright,

'Till Sally sez: "If you was swift

You'd use arms to wrap the gift!"

—*William Sanford*.

833. Mrs. Brown was bathing her baby when a new neighbor's little girl came into the room carrying a doll. She watched the process for a few minutes and then said, "Mrs. Brown, how long have you had your baby?"

"Seven months, dear," answered the mother.

The little girl stole another glance at her doll, which was very much battered and minus a leg and an arm.

"My, but haven't you kept it nice!" she said with an envious sigh.—*Boston Transcript*.

834. Jake was a worthless and improvident fellow. One day he said to the local grocer: "I gotta have a sack o' flour; I'm all out, an' my family is starvin'."

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"All right, Jake," said the grocer.

"If you need a sack of flour and have no money to buy it with, we'll give you a sack. But, see here, Jake, there's a circus coming to town in a few days, and if I give you a sack of flour, are you sure you won't sell it and take your family to the circus?"

"Oh, no," said Jake. "I got the circus money saved up already."—*Progressive Grocer*.

835. Wife (waxing philosophical): "Just to think, John! First utter drabness, then the working of the sap, and finally the gorgeous tree—splendid in its multitude of gold and crimson gowns! How like our lives!"

Fed-up Husband: "How like, indeed, my dear! You the gorgeous tree, and me the sap!"

836. Two microbes sat on a pantry shelf
And watched with expressions pained,
The milkmaid's stunts,
And both said at once:
"Our relations are going to be strained."
—*Medical Quip*.

837. Lady: "Are you sure these field glasses are high power?"

Ambitious Salesman: "Madam, when you use these glasses anything less than ten miles away looks as if it is behind you!"—*London Answers*.

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838. Christopher: "Well, how'd you find yourself this morning?"

Marlowe: "Oh, I just opened my eyes and there I was."—*Virginia Reel.*

839. He: "Is she progressive or conservative?"

She: "I don't know. She wears last year's hat, drives this year's car, and lives on next year's income."
—*London Answers.*

840. Shop Assistant: "Pardon me, sir, but our rules forbid us to receive bent or battered coins from customers."

Customer: "But I received that very coin here as change."

"Very likely, sir. We have no rule against giving bent coins to customers!"—*London Tit-Bits.*

841. She: "While you are asking papa for my hand I'll play something lively on the piano."

He: I'd rather you didn't, dearest. You know some people can't keep their feet still when they hear lively music."—*London Tit-Bits.*

842. Father O'Flynn: "But why did you pick a quarrel and fight with this man—a total stranger?"

Barney: "Sure, yer reverence, all my friends wor away."—*London Answers.*

843. Little Girl: "Mother, what did you do when a boy first kissed you?"

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Mother: "Never mind."

Little Girl (later): "I did the same thing, mother."

—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

844. Traveler: "And there at my feet yawned a mighty chasm."

Bored Hostess: "Well, I don't blame it."

845. Says the Flapper: "I believe I will shingle my hair."

Says the Irate Father: "I believe I will shingle my son."

Says the Property Owner: "I believe I will shingle my roof."

Says the Proud Greek Letter Initiate: "My shingle I'll hang over my bed."

Says the Inebriate Hubby: "I wish I was shingle m'shelf.—*Denver Parrakeet.*

846.— Consider the dachshund.

Oh, woe is the beast!

He trots on four legs

When he needs six at least.

—*Dartmouth Jack O' Lantern.*

847. She: "I hear he drinks something awful!"

He: "Yeah, I tasted it."—*Northwestern Purple Parrot.*

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848. She: "How much do you charge to treat cats?"

Doc.: "Ten dollars."

"Ten dollars what?"

"Ten dollars purr."—*Nebraska Awgan.*

849. "Pease, tell me, mister, why you say people will be damned ef 'ey don't go to church, when my daddy tells my muvver he'll be damned if he will?"

850. Margaret: "I looked through the keyhole last night when Marion and Mr. Staylate were in the parlor.

Helen: "What did you find out?"

"The light."—*Tennessee Mugwump.*

851. "I usually go to bed between ten and eleven."

"That's too many in one bed."

852. A couple of the many tourists passing through Georgia on their way to Florida came across a road of whose destination they were uncertain. Seeing an old colored woman rocking on a nearby porch, they called to her. "Auntie, can you tell us where this road goes?"

She gazed thoughtfully at the winding country road, and took her pipe out of her mouth long enough to enlighten them.

"Well, honey," she said, "hit goes fust one place and then another."

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853. BRIDE (consulting cookbook): "Oh, my, that cake is burning and I can't take it out for five minutes yet."—*Dartmouth Jack O' Lantern*.

854. "How did you like the queer little Chinese back-scratchers I gave you for Christmas, Nan?"

"My dear! Were those back-scratchers? And here I've been making poor Peter eat his salad with them!"

855. SOUNDS REASONABLE.—A critic of our churches says that they are "dominated by a lot of old hens." Does he refer to the lay members?—*Nashville Southern Lumberman*.

856. RATHER PUZZLING.—Judge: "You say that you are innocent. How do you explain the fact that you were found near the scene of the robbery with the stolen property in your hand?"

Prisoner: "That's what's puzzlin' me, too, Yer Honor."—*Boston Transcript*.

857. HIS JOB.—An American friend just over from the States dropped into the *Passing Show* office with the latest joke on the American passion for standardization. A man was being questioned by an employer on his suitability for a fairly important job as a mechanic.

"But," said the employer, "are you an all-round man—a thoroughly trained mechanic?"

"Oh, yes," the man assured him; "for six years I had experience at the Ford works."

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"And what did you do there all that time?"

"Well," said the man, "I screwed on nut 467."—
The Passing Show (London).

858. The inveterate golfer was being shown through the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York City. For an hour he had been gazing with awe at lofty pillars, colorful glass, and soft-lighted chapels.

Then he came to the choir parapet, in niches of which are figures to represent outstanding characters of the Christian centuries. The last figure is that of Abraham Lincoln. For a minute the golfer stood looking at the silent, immobile statue of the Emancipator. When at length he spoke his voice was filled with earnest tribute:

"At the nineteenth hole and not a word to say. A great man that. A great man."

859. Tommy: "Have you ever come across the man who could make you tremble and thrill in every fiber of your being at his very touch?"

Peggy: "Yes; the dentist."—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

860. THEY STILL FALL.—"You seem husky enough," remarked the housewife coldly, when the bedraggled specimen of humanity presented itself at the door in quest of a meal. "You should be at work."

"Appearances are deceitful, madam," replied the gentlemanly tramp, bowing gallantly. "Might I add

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that you seem beautiful and charming enough to be in the motion pictures, yet evidently you prefer the simple life."

After dining heartily, he left.

861. CONCLUSIVE.—A Mormon once argued polygamy with Mark Twain. The Mormon insisted that polygamy was moral, and he defied Twain to cite any passage of Scripture that forbade the practise.

"Well," said the humorist, "how about that passage that tells us no man can serve two masters?"—*The Argonaut*.

862. ABLE TO WALK.—Man: "Is New York the next stop?"

Porter: "Yes, sah; brush you off, sah?"

Man: "No, I'll get off myself."—*Western Christian Advocate*.

863.—Sam: "What am you doin' now?"

Bo: "I'se an exporter."

"An exporter?"

"Yep, the Pullman Company just fired me."—*Johns Hopkins Black and Blue Jay*.

864. "I wish I knew what to get father for Christmas. He likes to go after small game, but I can't afford to buy him a shotgun."

"Get him a fly swatter."

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865. AND IT WAS SO!—"Ho, Squire," cried Sir Launcelot, "bring me a can opener, I have a flea in my knight clothes."—*California Pelican*.

866. THE GRANDSTAND UMPIRE.—A Northern man, spending the summer in the South, went to see the last game of a series between two local teams. For a time he could not observe any umpire, but at last he spied him sitting up in the grandstand among the spectators.

"Great guns, man!" the Northerner exclaimed to a native. "What's the umpire doing up in the grandstand?"

"Well," the native explained, "the spectators used to accuse him of bum work so much that he allowed that if the folks up in the grandstand could see every play so durned good, he'd better go up there to do his umpirin'."—*From Everybody's Magazine*.

867. WELL INSTRUCTED.—The Judge: "Now are you sure you understand the nature of an oath?"

The Youth (scared stiff): "Sure; ain't I yer caddy down at the links?"—*Melbourne Punch*.

868. A SHORT STORY.—There was once a man who agreed with nobody. Finally he took a trip in the South seas and was shipwrecked. He fell among cannibals—and agreed with them!

869. Little Willie: "I don't want to go to that damn school any more!"

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Father (who is a bricklayer): "Why, Willie, where did you ever learn such a word as that?"

"Why, William Shakespeare uses words like that."

"Well, then, quit runnin' around with him."—*Penn State Froth.*

870. ALL SERENE.—The Florida beach and blue sea looked inviting to the tourist from the North, but before venturing out to swim he thought to make sure.

"You're certain there are no alligators here?" he inquired of the guide.

"Nossuh," replied that functionary, grinning broadly. "Ain' no 'gators hyah."

Reassured, the tourist started out. As the water lapped about his chest he called back:

"What makes you so sure there aren't any alligators?"

"Dey's got too much sense," bellowed the guide. "De sharks done skeered dem all away."—*American Legion Weekly.*

871. VETERANS.—Flapper (after the accident): "It was all your fault. I've been driving carefully. I've had two years' experience."

Old Boy (picking himself up): "But I've always walked carefully. I've had sixty-eight years' experience."—*New York Sun and Globe.*

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872. WHERE SERVICE IS PROMPT.—“Hang it, boy!” exclaimed the tenderfoot from the East as a bellboy for a Texas hotel came bouncing on in him without knocking, “haven’t you got any manners about you?”

“Didn’t you ring?” asked the boy.

“Of course I rang.”

“Didn’t you ring three times?”

“It may have been three, as I was in a hurry for ice water, but that doesn’t excuse you for bursting in the door.”

“Beg pardon,” replied the boy, as he backed out, “but you ought to read the bell card. It’s one ring for the porter, two for the bellboy, and three for a gun, and when a guest rings for a gun in this hotel the orders are to get it to him before the other fellow can beg his pardon!”—*Houston Post*.

873. CAUSE AND EFFECT.—Ancient Mariner: “Once I was shipwrecked on an island where there were only mad women with no tongues.”

Seaside Visitor: “Wonderful! And couldn’t they speak?”

Ancient Mariner: “No; that’s what made them mad.”—*Reynolds Newspaper (London)*.

874. A Chink truck driver recently presented the following bill to the college: 10 goes, 10 comes, at 50 cents a went, \$5.—*Penn State Froth*.

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875. POLITE BUT POINTED.—A motorist was stopped by a policeman for speeding, whereupon he became angry and called the policeman an ass. After he had paid his fine the magistrate reproved him for what he had said to the officer.

"Then I mustn't call a policeman an ass?" he asked.

"Certainly not," said the magistrate. "You must not insult the police."

"But you wouldn't mind if I call an ass a policeman, would you?"

"Why, no, if it gives you any satisfaction," answered his worship, with a smile.

The motorist turned to the man who had arrested him. "Good-day, policeman," he said, as he left the court.—*London Tit-Bits*.

876. THE WEEPY PART.—Professor (explaining the results obtained from the inflection of the voice): "Did I ever tell you the story of the actor who could read a menu so as to make his audience weep?"

Student (strangely moved): "He must have read the prices."—*Everybody's*.

877. Senior: "Goliath must have been surprised at David's knocking him out with a pebble.

Junior: "Well, very likely, such a thing never entered his head before."—*Pitt Panther*.

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878. THE SECRET IS OUT.—“Gladys is a pretty nice girl, take her all around.”

“Yes, if you take her all around.”—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

879. Women’s faults are many;
 Men have only two—
 Everything they say and
 Everything they do!

—*Juggler.*

880. BARGAIN COUNTER ROMANCE.—A certain gentleman of the pronounced brunette complex, in one of our leading Southern communities, visited a lawyer and inquired into the procedure of getting a divorce. The lawyer expressed considerable surprise at the request and told the gentleman of color that he thought that his home was a happy one.

The caller begrudgingly admitted that such was the state, but still insisted that he wanted to be separated from his mate. The lawyer then began to speak of the cost of the divorce, and the Ethiopian asked the exact price. The lawyer said, “One would cost you all of fifty dollars.”

“They does?”

“At least that.”

“Then you jes’ nevah mind, they ain’t that much difference between them.”—*Widow.*

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881. Manager of Dramatic Club: "Have you had any theatrical experience before?"

Prep.: "Oh, yes, I used to play the front legs of the horse in 'Paul Revere's Ride.'"—*Mirror*.

882. PLYING HIS TRADE.—Cop: "What is your business?"

Prisoner: "I am a locksmith."

Cop: "Well, what were you doing in that gambling house we just raided?"

Prisoner: "When you came in I was making a bolt for the door."—*Punch Bowl*.

883. "Ah say, Mary, would you jes' 's soon—?"

"Looke yere, Jim Jackson, don' you git fresh wif me. Mah name's Miss Smif, not Mary. I don' 'low only mah bes' and mos' pa'ticular frends to call me Mary."

"Ah begs yo' pahdon, Miss Smif. But say, Miss Smif, would you shif' to de oder knee? Dis one's gittin' tired."—*Black and Blue Jay*.

884. Unlucky Motorist (having killed the lady's puppy): "Madam, I will replace the animal."

Indignant Owner: "Sir, you flatter yourself."—*Bison*.

885. CASE IN POINT.—"Intoxicating liquor encourages every kind of vice."

"It does," assented Uncle Bill Bottletop. "The meanest profiteer I ever heard of is a bootlegger."—*Washington Star*.

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886. ONE VIEW.—“If some of the fellows who are used to drowning their sorrows in booze would try drowning them in perspiration, we believe they would get along better.”—*Walton (Kentucky) News*.

887. TROUBLE IN THE HOME BREW.—“Left home again?”

“Yep,” answered Uncle Bill Bottletop.

“What’s the trouble this time?”

“Careless housekeeping. Hired girl used up all the yeast cakes making bread.”—*Washington Star*.

888. EVEN WORSE.—Crawford: “Being your host, of course you had to laugh at the funny stories he told.”

Crabshaw: “Worse than that. We had to wash them down with the home brew he served.”—*Town Topics*.

889. NO CHANCE.—“You say you can’t make your hotel pay without a bar?”

“That’s exactly my statement,” replied the once genial host. “What chance is there of making a hotel pay as a place to sleep instead of a place to stay awake all night?”—*Washington Star*.

890. AVOIDING THE RUSH.—“Any trouble getting a drink in your town?” asked the farmer.

“Not a bit,” replied the city man. “Why, the bootleggers are so thick that they have to wear badges to keep from selling booze to one another.”—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

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891. IT WAS POTENT.—“How about the bootleg goods in this town?” asked the stranger.

“In what particular?” said the old inhabitant.

“Is it potent?”

“‘Potent’ is the word. A gentleman of my acquaintance stepped out of a theater one night during an intermission and purchased a few drinks in a nearby alley. Then he returned to the theater.”

“Well, what is so remarkable about that?”

“He didn’t know, until the doorkeeper kindly told him, that it was the next night.”—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

892. Wife (reading newspaper): “Scientists can multiply the sound of the human voice twelve thousand times.”

Husband (thoughtlessly): “What have they done in the way of subtraction?”

893. Ma: “You ought to be ashamed to be at the foot of your class, Willie!”

Willie: “But it ain’t my fault, ma. The feller that’s always at the foot is home sick with the measles.”

894. Him (over phone): “I want to see you in the worst way, dearest.”

Her (over phone): “Well—I usually get up around ten A. M.”—*New York Medley*.

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895. TRIMMER.—

When we cast off together,
She said: "I'd have you note
I'm not much of a sailor,
But I'll serve to trim the boat."

She really was a wonder,
When we got out to sea;
She trimmed the boat and, later,
Lord, how that lass trimmed me!

—*Edgar Daniel Kramer.*

896. "My dentist was a fine fellow. Each time he extracted a tooth he gave me a glass of whisky."

"Don't you go to him any more?"

"I haven't any more teeth."—*Le Rire (Paris).*

897. Stage-struck Maiden (after trying her voice):
"Do you think I can ever do anything with my voice?"

Stage Manager: "Well, it may come in handy in case of fire."—*Pearson's Weekly.*

898. One touch of Christmas makes all men kin—
Everything going out and nothing coming in.

899. Two inhabitants of a sagebrush town were seated on a cracker box exchanging desultory conversation.

"You know them hot cakes what the feller flips in the window of the Forlorn Hope Restaurant?"

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“Yes, I know ’em.”

“Ever try ’em?”

“Yes, I’ve tried ’em.”

“What do you think of ’em?”

The citizen thus appealed to gazed reflectively toward the foothills for some minutes and then rendered judgment.

“That feller’s not a cook, he’s a juggler.”

900. PROGRESS.—“We need more mutual understanding.”

“Yep,” replied Farmer Corntossel. “We’re workin’ along that way. The bankers think they know all about farming and the farmers think they know all about banking.”—*Washington Star*.

901. A WEDDING—SAY IT WITH FLOWERS.—

Who was the bride? An American Beauty.

What was the groom’s name? Sweet William.

What was the bride’s name? Rose.

How did he propose to her? Aster.

With what did she give her consent? Tulips.

Whose permission did he ask? Poppy’s.

What did he bring her? Candytuft.

What did her father say? Forget-me-not.

What did she hope to find? Heart’s-ease.

What did her former beau have? Bleeding heart.

What time were they married? Four o’clock.

Who married them? Jack-in-the-pulpit.

What did the groom give up? Bachelor’s button.

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What flowers did the bride wear? Bridal wreath.

What did the guests throw after them? Ladies' slippers.

What was their love? Everlasting.—*Florence Fullerton.*

902. He thought he'd surely made a hit,

When for his photograph she prayed,

"Out when this calls," she wrote on it

And gave it to the maid.—*Amherst Lord Jeff.*

903. "Is your father home, little boy?"

"No, he ain't been home since maw caught Santy kissing the cook."—*Wisconsin Octopus.*

904. She: "A penny for your thoughts."

He, Mr. Staylate: "I was thinking of going."

Her Father (at head of stairs): "Give him a dollar, Viola, it's worth it."—*Lafayette Lyre.*

905. NEW LANGUAGE.—Mrs. Nouveau-Riche: "He's getting on so well at school; he learns French and algebra. Now, Ronnie, say 'How d'ye do' to the lady in algebra."—*Goblin.*

906. Hiram: "My daughter at college writes me that the Purity League there had a parade for all students who had never kissed a girl."

Ruben: "How did it turn out?"

"One of the fellows took sick and the other one wouldn't march alone."—*Washington Columns.*

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907. **READY TO HELP.**—Worried Hubby: “Business is still pretty bad, dear. If you could economize a little in dresses—wear something plainer—”

Wifey: “Certainly, darling. I’ll order some plainer dresses the first thing in the morning!”—*London Opinion*.

908. “What is the surest cure for love at first sight?”

“Second sight.”—*Stanford Chaparral*.

909. **TO-DAY’S BEST AD.**—Double bed wanted cheap by elderly lady with wooden head and foot, wire springs and mattress. Miss M—— S——, 1020 N—— place.—*Ad. in the Orange County Times Press (Middletown, New York)*.

910. Tim: “Why do authors say a smile crept over her face?”

Jim: “Because they are afraid if it goes any faster it might kick up a dust.”—*Johns Hopkins Black and Blue Jay*.

911. Mandy: “What’s yo’ all going to call your new baby?”

Rastus: “Weatherstrip.”

“Weatherstrip? How come?”

“He done kep’ me outa the draft.”—*Harvard Lampoon*.

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912. Old Lady: "Can't you do something to stop those dogs fighting?"

Urchin: "Not until I see if me dog's goin' ter get licked."—*Pitt Panther*.

913. "Why do Gladys and Clarice hate you so much?"

"I once told them they looked alike."—*C. C. N. Y. Mercury*.

914. Sambone: "What would you do if you had two aces and t'other nigger had three?"

Hambone: "Hunt mah razor, chile!"—*Georgia Tech. Yellow Jacket*.

915. INTERNAL HEAT.—"There are a lot of very saving hotels in some of these small burgs!" I remarked to my friend Tinker, after telling him of various stopping places I had met up with where the radiators could as well have been used for refrigerators.

"That's nothing to a place I hit up in Snoblow, Minnesota," replied Tinker. "There was not even a radiator in my room, although the thermometer stood at sixteen below zero. All I found was a small bottle of tobasco sauce on a table near the bed, with a pewter teaspoon beside it. On a card pinned to the wall, which was evidently a duplicate of that used for other rooms, was this instruction: 'Take one spoonful of the sauce after you get into bed. If you require a great deal of heat take two spoonful!' "—*William Sanford*.

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916. Visitor: "This isn't a very good picture of your little brother, is it?"

Peggy: "No. But, then, he isn't a very good little boy."—*London Humorist*.

917. THOSE CANDID FRIENDS.—The Author (posing): "When I write far into the night I find great difficulty in getting to sleep."

The Friend: "Then, why don't you read over what you've written?"—*Klods Hans (Christiania)*.

918. "Have all the cows been milked?"

"All but the American one."

"What do you mean the American one?"

"The one that's gone dry."—*Passing Show (London)*.

919. An old Negro living in Memphis was taken ill and called a physician of his own race to prescribe for him. But the old man did not seem to be getting any better, and finally a white physician was called.

Soon after arriving he felt the Negro's pulse for a moment and then examined his tongue. "Did the other doctor take your temperature?" he asked his patient kindly.

"I don't know, sah," he answered feebly. "I hadn't missed anything but my watch as yet, boss."

920. "You say you came from Detroit," said the doctor to his fellow passenger. "That's where they make automobiles, isn't it?"

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"Sure," replied the man with some resentment, "but we make other things in Detroit, too."

"Yes," replied the doctor, "I've ridden in some of those, too."

921. "John bought me a sedan for Christmas."

"Can you drive it?"

"Well, I drove John into buying it."

922. "Ma asked me if I had been stealing jam and I told her, 'Yes.' "

"Why didn't you say 'No.' "

"I hadn't the face to deny it."

923. HIS, BUT NOT HERS.—An old colored janitor's employer asked him why he was sporting around in his Sunday clothes when it wasn't a holiday.

"Well, you see, boss," he replied. "I'm celebratin' my golden wedding."

"But isn't your wife celebrating it with you?"

"Oh, Mandy! She ain't got nothin' to do with it. She's jes' my third wife."—*Boston Transcript*.

924. "Ah, my good man," said the democratic pastor to the indigent-looking individual sitting on a bench in the vestibule, "I think we could find a place for you in church work."

"Thank ye, sir," replied the other, "but I already have me place in church work."

"And what is that?"

"I'm one of the poor and needy."

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925. Doctor (looking at clinical thermometer):
“Hello! This won’t do—hundred-and-three.”

Golfing Patient: “What’s bogey?”

926. Sandy MacIntosh was entertaining a visitor from America. They were seeing the sights of Sandy’s village and they had come to the local tavern.

“I’d invite ye in to have a drink,” said Sandy, mournfully, “but I noticed ye left your purse back at the house.”

927. HOW IT STARTED.—“At any rate, Mrs. Murphy, no one can say I’m two-faced.”

“Faith, no, Mrs. Jones. Sure, an’ if yer were, you’d leave that ’un at ’ome.”—*Melbourne Punch*.

928. PREACHING AND PRACTICE.—“I always believe in saving something for a rainy day.”

“Have you saved much?”

“Not a cent; but I believe in saving just the same.”

929. NO ESCAPE.—Shrieks and yells of the most appalling type were issuing from the little cottage, and quite a crowd had collected. Presently, clothed in the full majesty and dignity of the law, a policeman came striding onto the scene.

“Now, then,” he cried gruffly, “what is all this about?”

“Please, sir,” spoke up a small boy, “that’s only my brother. He’s crying because mamma’s eyesight ain’t very good and she’s deaf, too.”

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A ghastly series of shrieks interrupted the explanation.

"He must be a very feeling little fellow," remarked the officer, wiping away a furtive tear.

"Yes, sir, he is. You see, ma's mending his trousers, and he's got them on."—*Los Angeles Times*.

930. PREPAREDNESS.—Willie was under orders never to go in swimming. And mother meant to see that he obeyed. So one day she became suspicious.

"Willie, your clothes are wet," she said. "You have been in the water again."

"Yes, mother, I went in to save Charlie Jones."

"My noble darling! Did you jump in after him?"

"No, mother. I jumped in first so as to be there when he fell in."—*Youth's Companion*.

931. KNOCK AT THE DOOR.—Voice Inside: "Who's there?"

Man at Door: "Mr. Carr."

"What do we care if you missed a car? Go out and wait for another one."

932. "Yes, my daughter's musical education was a profitable venture."

"Really?"

"Yes, I managed to buy the houses on either side of my own for about half their value."—*Passing Show (London)*.

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933. DANGEROUS HANDICAP.—Tommy had sprained his wrist and didn't want to go to school.

"But your wrist is nicely bandaged," urged his mother. "It won't prevent you from attending classes."

Still the boy held back. Dad took a hand at this point.

"Now speak up, son," commanded his father. "Let's have the real reason. Why don't you want to go to school with a sprained wrist?"

"Too many boys owe me a licking."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

934. HALF AND HALF.—Mr.: "Am I never to have my way about anything?"

Mrs.: "Oh, yes. When we agree you may have your way, but when we disagree I'll have mine."—*New York Sun and Globe*.

935. WEEDING THEM OUT.—"That novelist says he took his characters from real life."

"He should be encouraged to keep on taking them," replied Mr. Growcher. "The fewer like them in real life, the better."—*Boston Transcript*.

936. NO CHANCE.—"Did my wife speak at the meeting yesterday?"

"I don't know your wife, but there was a tall, thin lady who rose and said she could not find words to express her feelings."

"That wasn't my wife!"—*Karikaturen (Christiania)*.

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937. NOT SO NEAR.—Small Daughter (hopefully):
“How far away is spring, daddy?”

Overburdened Parent: “About a ton-and-a-half of coal, darling.”—*The Passing Show* (London).

938. Bobby: “Does the stork that brings the babies come from the zoo?”

Mother: “I think so, dearie.”

“He must have stopped at the monkey cage for ours.”

939. BUSINESS HEAD.—Man: “You’re an honest boy, but the money I lost was a ten-dollar note.”

Boy: “Yes, I know; I had it changed so you could give me a reward.”—*Kansas City Star*.

940. TACTICS.—Their boat was drifting idly, the sun shone above, and the sea was serene; while she was sitting snugly. Then he proposed.

From the opposite end of the craft she gazed at him calmly. Then she said:

“As a matter of common sense, realizing that we are in this boat, on water more than fifty feet deep, and if you were going to act as you should act if I accepted you, we would be capsized, I will decline your proposal at this moment—but, George, row as fast as you can to the shore and ask me again.”

That girl will make a good wife.—*Boston Globe*.

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941. The Convalescent: "Did you have my brown suit cleaned and pressed while I was in the hospital?"

His Wife: "No. I had your black suit fixed up. I thought that would be better in case anything should happen."

942. Lady of the House (after outlining the usual duties of Kitty Byker, applicant for housemaid position): "I also belong to a bridge club which I entertain once a month, and I should expect you to serve the refreshments on these occasions."

Kitty Byker (gratefully): "Oh, madam, I'm so glad you only want me to wait on the table; I don't play bridge."

943. Higgs was standing on the corner where he had waited an hour for his wife, when Biggs breezed up.

"What's the latest?" asked Biggs.

"My wife," said Higgs, "she always was, is now, and always will be."

944. IF SO, RAISE THE RIGHT HAND.—

Breathes there a man with soul so dead

Who never to a cop has said,

When past the limit he has sped,

"Gee, why donchu pinch that guy ahead?"

—*Motor Age*.

945. Mrs.: "Don't forget the pine-needle pillow for baby."

Mr.: "But won't that make it balsam at night?"—*Williams Purple Cow*.

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946. TRUE TO HIS PARTY.—Hospital Physician: “To what ward shall we take you, a pay ward or—?”

O’Brien (injured in wreck): “A Dimocrat ward, to be sure!”

947. R-R-R-REVENGE!—Little Jack had been so persistently naughty that mother just had to give him a good spanking, and all that afternoon a desire for revenge rankled in his little breast.

At length bedtime came, and kneeling down, he said his evening prayer, asking a blessing upon all the members of the family individually—except one. Then, rising, he turned to his mother with a triumphant look, saying as he climbed into bed, “I s’pose you noticed you wasn’t in it.”—*The Christian Guardian*.

948. CONFUSING.—Little Boy: “Look, ma, the circus has come to town; there’s one of the clowns.”

Ma: “Hush, darling. That’s not a clown. That’s just a college man.”—*Beanpot*.

949. MAKING HERSELF CLEAR.—An Indian paper furnishes us with a recent specimen of “English as she is wrote.” It is a copy of a letter sent by a lady teacher to the Director of Education, Manila, and reads: “Dear Sir, I have the honor to resignate as my works are many and my salary are few. Besides which my supervising teacher makes many loving to which I only reply, ‘Oh not, oh not!’—Very respectfully, Josefina.”—*Manila Bulletin*.

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950. SO, THERE.—“If your father heard your stupid answers, it would make him turn in his grave!”

“It couldn’t. He was cremated.”—*Kasper (Stockholm)*.

951. The Rye Country Club, of Rye, New York, has issued a warning to all ladies wearing short skirts or knickers to keep out of the parson’s cow pasture adjoining the eighteenth fairway. The reason for the said warning is that strange calves often excite a cow’s anger.

952. Bloggs: “I’ve nothing but praise for the new vicar, y’ know.”

Curate: “So I noticed when the plate went round.”—*Passing Show*.

953. “My dear, you surely haven’t spent all the afternoon at the Scandell’s?”

“Yes, auntie. They said such things about everyone who left that I didn’t dare come away.”—*The London Humorist*.

954. MADGE: “Did you get any duplicate Christmas presents?”

Marjorie: “Only under the mistletoe.”

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955. GIVE HER TIME.—Rastus: “Ah wants a divorce. Dat woman jes’ talk, talk, talk, night an’ day. Ah cain’t get no rest and dat talk am drivin’ me crazy.”

Young Lawyer: “What does she talk about?”

Rastus: “She doan’ say.”—*Life*.

956. A student in geometry says that a love triangle usually turns into a wrecktangle.

957. “Gosh darn it! I can’t remember whether I told Stella I’d meet her at Fourth and Fifth at six, Fifth and Sixth at four, or Sixth and Fourth at five.”

958. A Southern bookseller telegraphed Philadelphia for a copy of “Seekers After God,” by Canon Farrar. Here is the telegraphed reply: “No seekers after God in Philadelphia or New York. Try Boston.”

959. CAN HE KEEP HER THERE?—Gentleman wishes room and board with garage space for wife in refined private home; meals for himself when in town. Specify terms and location in reply. References. P 43.—*Want Ad. in the Memphis Commercial Appeal*.

960. IT’S EASY, BUT—

It’s easy enough to be pleasant
When life goes by like a song,
But the girl worth while
Is the girl who can smile
When her boss says to her:

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"Miss Jones, I wish with all my heart that we could afford to give you something really worth while this Christmas. We appreciate your faithful services and your loyalty, but you see business has been so darned poor—as I told you last year, if our business should ever reach the point where we are really making money, you will get your share of the profits. But right now it is all we can do to meet our bills—but, anyway, I wish you a very merry Christmas. Please take a letter to Bill Smith at Chicago: 'Dear Bill—If you have any more of that 1912 Bourbon like you shipped me last month at \$16 a quart, send me a couple of cases so it will reach me in time for Christmas. Label it Furniture Polish. Yours truly, Brown, Green & Co., per Green.'"—*Sue Stuart.*

961. THE LAST STRAW.—She: "Is my hat on straight, Henry?"

Henry: "Quite straight, my dear. Now do hurry—we're late already."

She: "Well, I shall have to go back then—this isn't the sort of hat that is worn straight!"—*The Passing Show (London).*

962. DISQUALIFIED.—Uncle Jack asked little Celia if she didn't want him to play with her.

"Oh, no," she said, 'we're playing Indian, and you're no use, 'cause you're scalped already.'—*United Presbyterian.*

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963. WHO'S LOONEY NOW?—"I suppose we think we are smarter than the Chinese."

"Aren't we?"

"The Chinese are not saying a word. They are getting wheat and pork in exchange for Mah Jong sets."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

964. L'HOMME GALANT.—A Frenchman was courting an English girl. Her mother said, mischievously:

"Now, monsieur, if my daughter and I were both drowning, which would you save first?"

With great presence of mind, he replied: "I would save madame and I would perish with mademoiselle!"
—*London News*.

965. STUNG.—The Magnate (to hard-up suitor): "Young man, d' yer know how I made my money?"

The Young Man: "Yes—but I can't permit that to stand in the way of Muriel's happiness!"—*London Humorist*.

966. HIS CARELESS WAYS.—"When you found you hadn't your fare did the conductor make you get off and walk?" asked the inquisitive man.

"Only get off," was the sad reply. "He didn't seem to care whether I walked or sat down."—*The Christian Evangelist*.

967. GET IT RIGHT.—The statement that one person out of every twelve is working for the Government should read: "One person out of every twelve is paid by the Government."—*Milwaukee Journal*.

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968. A GAME WE ALL PLAY.—Two small boys were puzzling their brains to invent a new game. At last one of them said, eagerly: "I know, Billy, let's see who can make the ugliest face."

"Aw, go on!" was the reply. "Look what a start you've got!"—*Pathfinder*.

969. BURNED OUT.—Scene, Village Post Office.

Stranger: "May I use the telephone?"

Postmistress: "I'm afraid it's out of order, sir. You see, Colonel Crusher left his golf clubs in the train yesterday, and he's just been telling the railway company about it."—*Windsor Magazine* (London).

970. COMPLETE ARRANGEMENTS.—"Crimson Gulch hasn't parking space enough to accommodate the automobiles that come to town."

"No, sir," answered Cactus Joe. "This here is a growing community with expenses to meet. If we can't ketch a flivver for speedin' we get it fur standin' still."—*Washington Star*.

971. OVERINSURED.—An insurance agent was trying to convince a prospective customer of the merits of life insurance. He kept right at him.

At one stage of the battle, he used this argument:

"Why," he said, "insurance is the greatest thing in the world. No man should be without it. I even carry a \$50,000 policy, payable to my wife."

"It's too much," said the harassed prospect. "What excuse can you give her for living?"—*Houston Post*.

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972. A HAPPY APPLICATION.—The Frenchman's purse was so reduced that when a young English girl consented to show him the sights of London they were obliged to limit the program to her shopping and the British Museum.

When tea-time drew near he resolutely declared that he wanted nothing, but she must have tea, of course. So they ordered tea—for one. Sensing his predicament, she hazarded, "I must pay for tea, you know."

"Oh, but that would not do at all," he declared. "In France it is not so. No gentleman would permit it."

"Oh, it is quite correct," she said. And then, suddenly inspired, she added: "In England we have a saying, 'The woman always pays.'"—*London Tit-Bits*.

973. CHARGE!—The chairman of the gas company was making a popular address.

"Think of the good the gas company has done," he cried. "If I were permitted a pun, I would say in the words of the immortal poet, 'Honor the light brigade.'"

At this point a consumer jumped up with the shout, "Oh, what a charge they made!"—*Collegian Reporter*.

974. DEPRAVED PERSON.—Waiter: "That man at the last table wants a drink for nothing."

Captain: "Well, tell him we'll have him arrested for impersonating an officer."—*Life*.

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975. A GREAT CHANCE.—Wanted—Pipe organist, who can also fill the position of auto mechanic or steno. and typist or bldg. custodian or handy mechanic or undertaker; a good steady position. Box M-110200. —*Classified Ad. in the Oakland (California) Tribune.*

976. He: "They say here that picture postcards are going out of style."

She: "Good heavens! What will they use Niagara Falls for now?"

977. NO VISIBLE MEANS OF SUPPORT.—"I saw a wonderful balancing act in Washington the other day."

"What was that?"

"The Senate was standing on its dignity."

978. QUAIN T NEW YORK CUSTOM.—An old edition of Morse's geography declares that "Albany has four hundred dwelling houses and twenty-four hundred inhabitants, all standing with their gable-ends to the street."—*Quoted From a Scrapbook by a Resident of Boyds, Maryland.*

979. HE DID HIS BEST.—"So," sobbed Illma Vaselineovitch, "Ivan Ninespotski died in battle! Do you say he uttered my name as he was dying?"

"Part of it," replied the returned soldier; "part of it."—*New York World.*

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980. QUANTITATIVE.—At reasonable walking distances from a mid-Southern health resort are springs of variable water analysis, guests being directed to one or another as recommended by the house physician.

A portly guest, much in need of “reducing,” was directed to a distant spring, where he found a typical old darky grandpap—apparently a self-appointed guardian. Asked if the water in this spring was pure, the old man replied, with an air of authority:

“Yassah, de watah in dis spring am pure. It hab been scandilized by de bestest phrenologers in de lan’, and they say, dey do, dat she muntain seben p’cent. exide acide, eleben p’cent. cowbonic acide, an’ de rest am pure hydrophobia.”

981. BETTER THAN PONCE DE LEON’S FOUNT.—In the showing is a suit any man can wear with the assurance that the cut of his clothes is exactly in accordance with the accepted ideas in the leading style centers. Particular attention has been given to student requirements. Many models are shown redolent with the spirit of youth that come with two pairs of trousers.—*From a Clothing Ad. in the Arizona Daily Star (Tucson, Arizona).*

982. SOMETHING WRONG.—Doctor: “How are my ten patients this morning?”

Nurse: “Nine of them died, doctor.”

Doctor: “That’s funny. I left medicine for ten.”—*New York News.*

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983. AN OPTIMIST.—A German shoemaker left the gas turned on in his shop one night, and upon arriving in the morning, struck a match to light it. There was a terrific explosion, and the shoemaker was blown out through the door and almost to the middle of the street. A passer-by rushed to his assistance, and, after helping him to arise, inquired if he was injured. The little German gazed at his place of business, which was now burning quite briskly, and said: "No, I aindt hurt. But I got out shust in time. Eh?"—*Boston Congregationalist*.

984. A WORD DOES IT.—"Which weeds are the easiest weeds to kill?" asked the city chap of the farmer.

"Widows' weeds," replied the farmer; "you have only to say 'wilt thou' and they wilt."—*The Lyre*.

985. WHY BE WELL?—Jud Tunkins says patent medicine ads are so attractive that it makes a man who has his health feel like he was missing something.—*Washington (D. C.) Evening Star*.

986. A PERSONAL ONE.—"Don't they ever have a clean-up week in this town?" demanded the transient who had just entered with his suitcase.

"Yes," replied the departing guest, as he sorrowfully paid his bill. "The hotels seem to be conducting one now."—*The American Legion Weekly*.

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987. ENERGY WASTED.—Lawyer (to rattled witness): “Did you, or did you not, on the aforementioned day, Tuesday, January Nineteenth, Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-six, feloniously and with malice aforethought listen at the keyhole of the third-floor rear apartment, then occupied as a residence by the defendant in this action on Ninetieth Street near Park Avenue, and did you not also on the Friday following the Tuesday in January before referred to in the year Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-six communicate to your wife the information acquired and repeat the conversation overheard as a result of your eavesdropping on that occasion with the result that the gossip of your wife gave wide and far currency to the overheard conversation before mentioned? Did you or did you not? Answer yes or no.”

Witness: “Huh?”—*Life*.

988. WHY MEN LEAVE HOME.—Well-meaning husband (to his guests): “If I had it to do over again, do you know whom I’d marry? My wife.”

Wife: “No you wouldn’t, either.”—*Ohio State Sun Dial*.

989. SIMPLIFIED ART.—A certain painter is confined in an asylum. To persons who visit him he says: “Look at this; it is my latest masterpiece.”

They look, and see nothing but an expanse of bare canvas. They ask:

“What does that represent?”

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"That? Why, that represents the passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea."

"Beg pardon, but where is the sea?"

"It has been driven back."

"And where are the Israelites?"

"They have crossed over."

"And the Egyptians?"

"Will be here directly. That's the sort of painting I like—simple and unpretentious."—*Art Record*.

990. HONEST JOHN.—"Position wanted," reads an advertisement in a Shanghai newspaper. "A young Chinese with four years' experience in English seeks place as a junior clerk. Salary no objection."—*The Continent (Chicago)*.

991. SHE'S FOUND THEM USEFUL.—Flatbush: "You know, my wife threatened to smash all those steins and flasks I had in my den."

Bensonhurst: "But she didn't do it, did she?"

"No, she didn't; and she's glad of it."

"Why so?"

"She's using 'em for jelly and preserves now."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

992. OBEYING THE LAW.—"Let me see," said the customer, taking stock of his purchases. "I have the hops, the yeast and the malt extract. Now show me what to do with these ingredients."

"I'm very sorry, sir," said the polite salesman. "The law does not allow us to give demonstrations."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

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993. A LONG TIME.—The old-fashioned man who was a good husband when he was sober is beginning to feel like it is too long between lapses.—*Dallas News*.

994. A TRIFLE IN THE OLD DAYS.—“One dollar for a drink of grape juice, Sam?” said the patron of a fashionable restaurant to his favorite waiter.

“That’s correct, sir. And the cover charge will be one dollar.”

“Phew! I thought prohibition would help me to save money.”

“That’s for you to judge, sir. But if I may say so, sir, many’s the time you’ve handed me a dollar just for serving the second cocktail a little bit faster than I served the first one.”—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

995. RECHRISTENING DEMANDED.—“And they call that stuff moonshine!” exclaimed the man who was more inquisitive than wise.

“That’s the name it goes by in these hills.”

“You ought to rechristen it. It tastes like bottled sunstroke.”—*Washington Star*.

996. THEIR PROPER PLACE.—“This paper says that prohibition has emptied our jails.”

“Good! That leaves plenty of room for the profiteers.”—*Boston Transcript*.

997. RETRIBUTION.—Harry Leon Wilson, the humorist, was talking in his palatial Monterey home about prohibition.

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"Prohibition," he said, "is a good thing, but, like lots of good things, it comes a little bit hard at first.

"I know a rich New York bachelor who didn't believe in prohibition. He spent his evenings at clubs and cabarets, and the truth of the matter is that for eight years he never once went home sober.

"But prohibition came to New York, and it got my rich bachelor friend on July 1. That night, for the first time since 1911, he went home sober, and his dog bit him."—*Detroit Free Press*.

998. WHAT SPOILS HIS GAME.—Redd: "How's your golf game?"

Greene: "Oh, I'm away off my game this summer."

"I expected as much."

"Why?"

"Well, no fellow can hope to improve his golf on a couple of nut sundaes."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

999. WHAT'S IN A NAME?—Now that the nation is dry, an enterprising dopeologist has compiled the following for the benefit of summer vacationists: Rye, N. Y.; Bourbon, Ill.; Green River, Ky.; Cliquot, Mo.; Champaign, Ill.; Brandy Keg, Ky.; Brand Camp, Pa.; Brandy City, Cal.; Port, Okla.; Sherry, Texas; Brandywine, W. Va.; Ginn, Miss.; Wine, Va.; Tank, Pa.; Booze, Tenn.; Drinker, Pa.; Aqua, Va.; Vichy, Mo., and Lithia, Pa. Take your choice.—*Minneapolis Tribune*.

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1000. TAKING A CHANCE.—“Heh, you! What are you hanging around the power house for?”

“I’ve heard of people getting drunk with power.”—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

1001. PROSPERITY FOLLOWS THE JAG.—“Count me,” communicates a Superior Avenue locksmith, “among those whose business has been benefited by the dry era. During the last few weeks I have sold more than a thousand padlocks, for use on outside cellar doors.”—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

1002. THE NEW MANNERS.—Time was when a man would show a guest his most treasured things—his library, his horses, his children. To-day he takes ye guest into a far corner of ye house, opens three locked doors and then, standing before a closed cupboard, he says with pride, “Here it is!” and ye guest, licking his dry lips, knows what *It* is.—*Journal of the American Medical Association*.

1003. TESTS.—The incident of the Kentucky landlord who certified the sobriety of one of his customers on the ground that the latter still was able to move his fingers, indicates the wide variation of the standards by which intoxication is measured. In Kansas City, as an instance, a man is considered sober until his money is spent.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

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1004. ITS LOCATION.—Mike: “Phwat are ye lookin’ for?”

Mrs. Mike: “Nothing.”

Mike: “Thin ye’ll find it in the jug where the whisky was.”—*London Sketch*.

1005. FOES OF PROHIBITION.—Mayor Moore, of Philadelphia, said at a dinner:

“Of course, if the Government will spend enough money, it can enforce prohibition. That is bound to be a hard job, though. Some of our most law-abiding citizens refuse to take the prohibition law seriously.

“They are like the chap whose cellar was searched by a prohibition enforcement officer the other day.

“‘There are hundreds and hundreds of empty whiskey bottles in your cellar,’ the officer said. ‘How did they get there, friend?’

“‘Blest if I know!’ And the owner of the cellar gave a hearty laugh. ‘Blest if I know! I never bought an empty whiskey bottle in my life.’”—*Detroit Free Press*.

1006. A JUGGERNAUT.—“Did you get on the water wagon this year?”

“You don’t have to get on it now. It runs over you.”—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

1007. PROPER NAMES.—Slim was commenting on a recipe for making a beverage out of birch bark.

“Since the stuff they make from apples is called

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'apple jack','" she ventured, "I suppose they call this birch stuff 'lumber jack.' "

"No, ma'am," answered Specs, solemnly, "that brew is known as 'logger beer!' "—*Tacoma Ledger*.

1008. LOOPS, MY DEAR.—"I envy that French aviator who looped the loop 624 times in one recent flight," murmurs Ted J. "I've had the same sensation myself, but not since prohibition."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

1009. CONTENTS INTOXICATING.—Some people can't stand prosperity. The horn of plenty has started many a man on a toot.—*Boston Transcript*.

1010. TOO MUCH BUSINESS.—"I just wanted to see the doctor to get a beer prescription."

"Sorry, but he's laid up with writer's cramp."—*New York World*.

1011. A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.—"Why the furtive look?"

"I'm carrying home a package of wet goods bought from a reliable bootlegger," said Mr. Jagsby.

"Then what are you afraid of?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing. But, confound the luck, everybody who walks behind me seems to be wearing rubber heels."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

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1012. THAT DEAR OLD BOILER.—Yeast: “I understand you send all your family wash to the laundry now.”

Crimsonbeak: “Yes, we do.”

“Then you can throw your old washboiler away.”

“And go and buy something to make beer in? Not much!”—*Yonkers Statesman*.

1013. LOOKING FOR A WET SIGN.—“Why are you standing here so long?” asked the police officer.

“I’m thinking of going into this restaurant to get a meal,” replied the stranger

“Well, why don’t you go in, then?”

“I’ve been waiting to see if any men with red noses go in there first.”—*Washington Star*.

1014. CONCENTRATED HOOCH.—One of those never-say-die saloonkeepers, in whose more or less human breast hope eternal springs—a saloonkeeper, in short, who still conducts a saloon—received an offer from an acquaintance of two gallons of genuine 100-proof hooch at forty dollars the gallon. The bargain was sealed.

Now, the strange thing about it is that the whiskey was 100-proof goods. The sale was genuine enough.

But the two gallons were delivered in eight pint bottles, each bearing a drug-store label, and each the name of a licensed physician.—*Syracuse Herald*.

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1015. HEAVY LOSS.—He was sitting on the curb, looking at his car, and as we passed by, he greeted us so pleasantly that we must perforce stop and exchange a word with him, though he was a stranger.

“Car trouble?” we asked, idiotically.

“Lossa trouble,” he acquiesced. “Gotta forty-horse-power car there. An’ thirty-nine o’ them poor hosses is dead. Terrible eek—eek—eek—” he seemed unable to get any further, and he hiccupped.

“Terrible economic loss?” we suggested.

“Nope. Terrible eek-wine mortality!” he succeeded, triumphantly. “I had some o’ this here, now, good-natural alcohol,” he went on. “An’ I’d otta’ve give some of it to the engine. But I drank it. An’ now I only got one hoss left.”

He seemed about to weep, so we left him.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

1016. GOOD GUESS.—“I have just received an invitation to attend a little party at Bibbles’ bachelor quarters.”

“Well?”

“What do the letter ‘B. Y. O.’ mean at the bottom of the note?”

“Probably ‘Bring Your Own.’ ”—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

1017. SPOILED HIS ILLUSTRATION.—A temperance lecturer aiming to make a telling point, said, “Now, supposing I had a pail of water and a pail of beer and

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then brought on a donkey, which of the two would he take?"

"He'd take the water," came a voice from the gallery.

"And why would he take the water?" the lecturer asked.

"Because he's an ass," was the quick reply.—*Boston Transcript.*

1018. STILL ACCESSIBLE.—Wigwag: "There don't seem to be so many people going to Cuba this winter as last."

Guzzler: "No, when you consider the traveling expenses, it's just as cheap to stay home and buy it.—*Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.*

1019. TIME TO THINK IT OVER.—"Doctor, am I going to die?"

"What have you been drinking?"

"Home brew."

"No, you won't die, but two weeks in the hospital ought to improve your judgment."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

1020. HOME BREW—"What is this?" asked the guest.

"It's beer," replied his host. "I made it myself."

"Beer?"

"Yes, what did you think it was?"

"I don't know. It looks like something that ought to be used in a fountain pen."—*Detroit Free Press.*

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1021. A CHRONIC AILMENT.—“Pa put in six cases of whiskey before the country went dry so as to have a supply in the event of sickness.”

“Well?”

“I don’t believe he’s had a well day since.”—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

1022. A PYRRHIC VICTORY.—The thirsty Britisher took a swallow of the drink he had ordered, then he set down the glass and inquired, “What do you call this?”

“Victory ale,” was the reply.

“Good ’eavings!” he exclaimed. “Then we lost the war after all.”—*Boston Transcript*.

1023. WHAT’S YOUR GUESS?—The *Cincinnati Enquirer* wants to know what the governor of North Carolina says to the governor of South Carolina when they meet these degenerate days. The *Detroit Free Press* says: “We can guess. He says one word. It has four letters and begins with H.”

What can that be? The *Boston Globe* thinks it may be “Hear!” A New York exchange believes it to be “Hist!” indicating that the governor has something on his hip. Our theory is that word is “Help!” But the *Free Press* has set us an almost insoluble puzzle. What do you think?—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

1024. IN DEMAND.—Flatbush: “And did you attend the seance last night?”

Bensonhurst: “I sure did.”

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“And did the medium get you in touch with the spirit with which you wished to speak?”

“No; the line was busy.”—*Yonkers Statesman*.

1025. REAL MARTYR.—Not being a press agent, we'll just call a certain popular actor, who is a famous “good fellow,” Smith. A couple of friends were talking about him the other day, when one asked:

“Has Smith a good rôle in the new play?”

“Most emotional he ever had in all his career,” was the impressive reply.

“Why, I didn't understand that the play was so much that way.”

“It isn't—only Smith's part. You see, it's one of these ‘wet’ plays, and poor Smith is being constantly offered drinks which the action compels him to refuse. Why, he'll be a total wreck by the end of the week.”
—*Los Angeles Times*.

1026. WHAT HE MISSES.—“And how are you getting along?” we asked the ex-bartender.

“Fine,” he replied. “I'm making more money than ever. I'm clerk in a hat store.”

“And you like it?”

“Yes, it's all right, but somehow or other whenever I sell a hat to a man it disappoints me not to hear him say, ‘Have one yourself.’ ”—*Detroit Free Press*.

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1027. MISINFORMATION.—“There’s a great deal printed that you can’t believe.”

“There is,” assented Uncle Bill Bottletop; “specially on bottles.”—*Washington Star*.

1028. FIRST AID.—“This stuff won’t kill me, I hope?” said the timorous customer.

“I don’t think so,” replied the blind-tiger proprietor.

“But what did you press that button for?”

“Oh, I was just calling our private ambulance.”—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

1029. SACRED TRUST.—“Certainly, certainly,” said Mr. Bibbles to someone at the other end of the wire. “Bring it right over and I give you my word of honor that no one will touch it without your permission.”

“What are you talking about?” asked Mrs. Bibbles.

“John Jobbles wants to know if he can park a quart of Scotch in my cellar.”—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

1030. NEW DISEASE.—Bay rum seems to be the favorite beverage now, with a green-colored hair tonic running a close second. Several of our Beau Brummels seem to have a severe case of dandruff of the liver.—*Arkansas Paper*.

1031. BACCHUS ALSO RAN.—“I am afraid that your son is a follower of Bacchus,” said the preacher who was calling on old Gotrox.

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"A follower!" exclaimed old Gotrox. "Why, he caught up with that guy Bacchus and passed him years ago!"—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

1032. SOME SOLACE.—"I learn," remarked the colonel, "that water is composed of hydrogen and oxygen with perhaps a dash of ozone."

"What of it?"

"I'm glad to hear it. Makes a glass of the stuff seem more like a mixed drink."—*Kansas City Journal*.

1033. INTERRUPTED.—"As I was saying," he said, "we entered the cafe and had no more than seated ourselves at the table and said to the waiter, 'Bring us three—' when a fellow showed his badge and said, 'Three what?' and we said, 'Plates of beans.'"—*Detroit News*.

1034. THE QUICK TRIGGER.—Cop (to homing clubman): "Where you going at this time of night?"

Clubman: "I'm—hic—goin' to a lecture."—*Boston Transcript*.

1035. HOME BREW BANNED.—"We never know what accidents we may meet with in life."

"I know one that will never happen to my husband. He won't fall off the water wagon again."—*Baltimore American*.

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1036. SAVING HIS ENERGY.—“So you are for prohibition?”

“I am,” replied Uncle Bill Bottletop.

“For what reason?”

“The simple reason that there isn’t any more use of arguing about it.”—*Washington Star*.

1037. RUDE.—“Have you any dried peaches?”

“One,” the mean-hearted grocer answered. “My pretty lady cashier has been with me thirty-nine years.”

1038. As soon as a girl gets past the age of making faces at the boys she starts in to make eyes at them.

1039. SPEEDING UP.—Efficiency Expert (to Central): “Would you mind if I gave you the number all five times at once?”—*Life*.

1040. THAT KIND OF FACE.—“Is this a portrait of your fiancée?”

“Yes.”

“I suppose she must be very wealthy.”

1041. She: “A penny for your thoughts.”

He, Mr. Staylate: “I was thinking of going.”

Her Father (at head of stairs): “Give him a dollar, Viola, it’s worth it.”—*Lafayette Lyre*.

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1042. TOO HEAVY.—Mrs. Matthews was learning to drive her new car and was very much thrilled over it.

“Of course,” she said, “I could never change a tire myself. Why, I can’t even lift one. You know they have eighty pounds of air in them in addition to the weight of the tire!”

1043. VERY BRIEF.—“Has anyone commented on the way you drive your new car?”

“Yes, one man made a brief remark, ‘Twenty dollars and costs.’”

1044. A small boy was reading about the new President. He looked up at his father, who was sitting next to him, and said:

“Pa, will there ever be a woman President?”

“No, my son. The Constitution says the President must be over forty-five years of age, and women don’t get that old.”

1045. BUT NOW.—Her: “Before you married me you told me you were well off.”

Him: “I was, but I didn’t know it.”

1046. In Georgia they tell of the old cook who was horrified to discover that one of the young Negro women, a helper in the kitchen, had been caught stealing.

“Now,” said Aunt Mandy, “I don’t believe in

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stealin'. I never takes nothin' 'cept it's something to eat, or something to wear, or something what I thinks de missus don't want, or somethin' de boss is got too blind to miss!"—*Los Angeles Times*.

1047. They were looking down into the depths of the Grand Canyon.

"Do you know," asked the guide, "that it took millions and millions of years for this great abyss to be carved out?"

"Well, well!" ejaculated the traveler. "I never knew this was a Government job."—*Chicago Herald*.

1048. Customs Inspector: "I thought you said your trunk contained nothing but wearing apparel. What's this bottle?"

Fair Lady: "Oh, that's my husband's nightcap!"—*Toronto Goblin*.

1049. "Yes, sir. We women are going to clean up politics, the stage, and the movies."

"Good enough. What about the dishes in the sink?"

1050. Mose appeared on the street wearing a dilapidated pair of trousers which were much too short for him, yet he persisted in turning them up.

"Why do you turn up your trousers when they are too short already?" queried a bystander.

"Well, suh, boss, it am dis heah way: ef I turns dem up nobody's done gone ter know dat dey am too short fo' me."

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1051. Dad's Friend: "Johnny, you have grown to be the living image of your father. You have your father's eyes, you have his nose, you have—"

Johnny (gloomily): "Yes, and I have his pants, too."

1052. Willie (looking up from picture book): "Mother, do they eat giraffes?"

Mother: "I don't, dear. I suppose they do in some countries. Why?"

"Gee, mother! Think of their little boys getting the neck!"—*Boston Transcript*.

1053. Ho Tin: "That's a swell shirt you have on. How many yards does it take to make a shirt like that?"

Bo Can: "I got three shirts out of one yard last night."—*Nebraska Awgwan*.

1054. The tired Saturday-night patron at the Elite lunchroom in Hicksburg had made up his mind to get some action.

"Where's that coffee I ordered?" he thundered to the waiter.

"It'll be here in just a minute now," replied the waiter. "You see it takes a little longer to make it on Saturday nights."

"Why is that?"

"Well, we put in fresh grounds on Sundays, an' long toward Saturday they get kind of weak."

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1055. Mrs. Niblick: "You think so much of your old golf you don't even remember when we were married."

Niblick: "Sure I do. It was the day after I sank the thirty-foot putt."

1056. Sonny: "Hey, mister! Have you got anything in the shape of bananas?"

Storekeeper: "Yes, we have dill pickles!"

1057. LOVE ISN'T BLIND.—He took her hand in his and gazed proudly at the engagement ring he had placed on her finger only three days before.

"Did your friends admire it?" he inquired tenderly.

"They did more than that," she replied coldly. "Two of them recognized it."

1058. AFTER THE HONEYMOON.—"I wish to complain," said the bride haughtily, "about the flour you sold me. It was tough."

"Tough, ma'am?" asked the grocer.

"Yes, tough. I made pie with it, and my husband could hardly cut it."

1059. POPULAR SELLER.—"Well, old man, what are you doing now?"

"Selling musical instruments. Sold a thousand yesterday."

"Good heavens, man! Pianos?"

"No. Phonograph needles."

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1060. SPOONING.—

She was some nifty spooner;
Her age was fifty-four;
I used to see her nightly
At the cross-roads grocery store,
Looking soft and spooning
Ice cream plate by plate;
She was an ice-cream spooner
And her hours were ate to ate.

1061. Customer: "Can't you throw in an extra egg?"

Clerk: "I could but I might break it."

1062. COURTESY ALL AROUND.—Charles: "Oh, mamma, the grocer just gave me three sticks of candy!"

Mamma: "Well, you must be polite and offer your little sister two of them."

Charles: "All right, mamma; but I wish you'd tell her to be polite, too, and only take one."

1063. GOOD REASON.—"Yes, it's really remarkable. Bobby seems to eat twice as much chicken when we have visitors!" said the fond mother to her guests.

"Really? And why is that, Bobby?" The query came in a chorus.

Bobby's reply was disconcerting.

"Because," he said, "that's the only time we have it."

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1064. Little Girl: "Package of pink dye, please."

Grocer: "What do you want it for, woolen or cotton goods?"

Little Girl: "It's for ma's stomach. Doctor said she'd have to diet and she wants it a pretty color."

1065. AN ON-TIMER.—Salesman: "I observe that you treat that gentleman very respectfully."

Merchant: "Yes, he's one of our early settlers."

Salesman: "An early settler? Why, he's not more than forty years of age."

Merchant: "That may be true, but he pays his bills on the first of every month."

1066. A LOST SALE.—"What did the lady who just telephoned want?" queried the hardware boss.

"She wanted a stove lifter," said the green clerk; "but I told her there was no one here who was strong enough."

1067. TOO WISE.—Hardware Dealer (attempting to sell automobile tools): "Why don't you take your car to pieces and overhaul it yourself? Don't you understand it well enough to?"

Mr. Chuggins: "I understand it well enough not to!"

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1068. THAT'S DIFFERENT.—A Negro was trying to saddle a fractious mule.

"Does that mule ever kick you, Sam?" asked a bystander.

"No, suh," said Sam; "but he sometimes kicks whar I jes' been."

1069. PRIZE GRAPES.—The village wiseacre entered the grocery store and approaching a pile of muskmelons, picked up one and sneeringly asked:

"Is this the largest apple you have?"

"Hey!" shouted the grocer, "put that grape down!"

1070. A MATTAH O' LAW.—"Does yo' still refuse, sah, to pay me dem two dollars I done loaned yo' de Lawd on'y knows when?"

"Nussah!" dignifiedly replied Brother Bogus. "I doesn't refuse; I juss refrains."—*Exchange*.

1071. A professor was invited to dine at the home of a lady of fashion. The day was hot, the wine cool, and the fair partner with whom the professor was engaged in conversation filled his glass as often as it was emptied.

When the company rose from the table, the professor noticed, to his dismay, that he was unsteady on his feet. In his anxiety to save appearances, he retired to the drawing room, where the lady of the house was showing to her friends her baby twins.

The pair were lying together on a pillow as they

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were presented to the professor. He gazed intently at them, rubbed his eyes, and then said rather huskily, "Really, what a bonny little child!"

1072. "I thought Blank was going to run for Congress," said the local political dopester.

"Nope, he's too snobbish," asserted the insider.

"Couldn't get the people's votes, eh?"

"No, it wasn't that," replied the insider. "He refuses to associate with Congressmen."

1073. "What are you cutting out of the paper?"

"About a man getting a divorce because his wife went through his pockets."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Put it in my pocket."—*Bison*.

1074. RATTLESNAKE FLATS NOTES.—Coconino Claude, one of our fiercest bad men, came to town and spent his month's pay last night. At two o'clock this morning he filed another notch in his gun, but later was trying to figger out how to fill it up as the coroner said that the victim, on close examination, was only a cigar-store Indian.

The wheels of justice revolve fast in Rattlesnake Flats. About noon to-day, Two-Spot Hogan, our popular coroner, had to kill a Mexican to settle an argument. Within half an hour Two-Spot had assembled a coroner's jury, exonerated himself of all blame for the killing, and collected \$4.68 from the county for the expenses of the inquest. Sheriff Tad-

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pole Jones is looking for two city dudes who passed bum checks at the pool hall yesterday after gaining the confidence and friendship of Chalk Smith, who runs the place, by introducing themselves as Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean and claiming that everybody in New York knewed them.

Ratface Perkins, who used to turn out real good corn likker from his still in Scratchcat Canyon, has returned to the Flats from Fort Leavenworth, where he has been taking a two-year course at the Government training school for bootleggers.

Day after to-morrow will be pay day at the Bar-Fly Ranch and all the boys from there have sent in word they would be in town to look around a bit. All three members of the Rattlesnake Flats police force was granted ten-day leaves of absence by the city council last night on taking oath that they had relatives dying in Cactus Center, ninety-eight miles north of here.—*Chet Johnson.*

1075. There was a young fellow named Pat,
Who stopped near his mule for a chat;
When he woke up in bed
The next day he said,
“I sure got a kick out of that!”

—*Flamingo.*

1076. Madge: “Is it safe to let Charlie manage the car with one arm?”

Marjorie: “I guess so. He’s mighty handy with the other!”

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1077. "I've often said," mused old Judge Freeman of the Juvenile Court, "a kid in jail for the first time is like a gallon of good sweet cider just off the press."

"How's that?" asked the reporter.

"Leave him in the jug and he's bound to turn hard."



